

the hostage
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

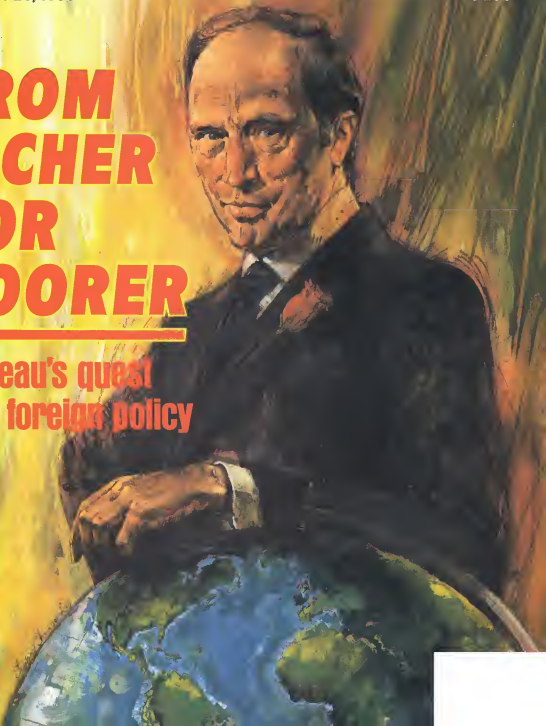
Maclean's

JANUARY 26, 1981

\$1.00

FROM RICHER FOR POORER

Trudeau's quest
for a foreign policy



Albertans seethe on—but they still like a good belly laugh

By Peter C. Newman

Waiting the Old Patch in Calgary these days is a little like walking into a landmine and being confronted by one of those functioning cranes who corner people with their life stories, spilling out a litany of real and imagined woes. The National Energy Program enunciated by the Liberal government last Oct. 28 set off a unanimous howl of protest and fury that has shaken Alberta to its prosperous roots.

The problem is that the Canadianization that Messrs Trudeau and Lalonde are pledged to achieving has, quite unfairly, been interpreted as an attempt at nationalizing the petroleum business. In response, the industry's pentler players refer to the Ottawa politicians as a gang of misguided socialists. Others are much harsher.

Rhetoric aside, exact estimates of how Ottawa's initiative has affected the pace of exploration are difficult to authenticate. So far, 48 of 560 drilling rigs have crossed the border into the U.S., but with spring break-up the exodus is expected to accelerate.

Just about the only influential Calgarian who has managed to keep his cool is Bob Blair, head of the huge Nova complex, which plans to go ahead with its \$2-billion outlays on various aquifers and expansions during the next 12 months.

Alberta's basic problem is that its political clout can never equal its growing economic size. Even when the province is properly represented in Parliament, its point of view is likely to be overruled. Because seats are allocated according to population, the consumer provinces of Ontario and Quebec are soon destined to dominate Ottawa's decision-making process. Despite a boom that keeps doubling the size of downtown Calgary, the province, with a population of only two million, has fewer seats than Metropolitan Toronto.

No serious person in Calgary contemplates the breakup of Canada. Separation remains an expression more of anger than of expectation—but somehow the Trudeau government must wake up to the West's legitimate complaints.

The story that's currently cracking them up across lunch at the Calgary Petroleum Club is a joke about James Coates, the prime minister's majordomo, who decides to test Calgary's political mood. He dresses up in an appropriate western outfit so that he's not recognized, goes to the toughest bar in town and yells out: "Trudeau is a horse's ass!" A gang-bro cowboy sitting nearby punches him in the face, sending the delicate Coates reeling across the floor. As soon as he recovers, Coates shakes his head in disbelief, muttering, "I didn't realize this was Trudeau country."

"It's not," the cowboy replies. "This is horse country."

Maclean's

JAN. 28, 1981

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More fuel on the oil fire

Ottawa readies another neat, swift bomb for the Oil Patch

By Ian Anderson

Topping this winter's must-read list for oil executives is a thick photoessay pamphlet passed around Calgary's Petroleum Club like a dog-eared copy of *Lolita* around a Catholic girls' school. It is the Harvard doctoral thesis of one Edmund Clark, senior assistant deputy minister of energy and, in the opinion of many editors, the Marxist mole in Ottawa. The thesis is entitled "Barriers to Economic and Public Investment in Tarragona." At the Petroleum Club, each reference therein to socialism is fixed in magenta-marker yellow. There's a lot of yellow. "Rationality has gone out the door," agonizes a Petro-Canada executive, himself feeling as popular these days as an Iranian oilshak in Iowa. "This is a kind of religious war, sectarian violence. Free enterprise, Petro-Canada has become a Communist organization in their eyes. It's getting very nasty."

Let it be remembered that oilmen, everywhere, are not famous for their silliness, reflective responses to government pressure. A publisher's guess attracts a publisher's temperaments quick to draw. This fact has been drilled into the mind of Energy Minister Marc Lalonde by such key advisers as Edmund Clark. So intense is Lalonde to not blink first that he may soon corner the oil industry step north. Are his policies sacrificing future oil self-sufficiency? With Ottawa and the industry in such obvious contempt of each other, we won't know for months, maybe years, whether the oilmen are piling in real pain or simply barking at noises in the night.

Back in Ottawa the feds are twinking, just a bit, for it seems that the industry may not even be as Canadian as it was first thought. Lalonde had wanted to favor and reward Canadian ownership by replacing the earned depletion allowance with a grant system, whereby top grant money goes to projects that are at least 75-per-cent Canadian-owned, more than 50 per cent and you get somewhat less, under half-Canadian and you're on your own. This seemed to be a doozy. In a country, a country of energy, business regulations, it is proving horrific to identify levels of Canadian ownership. All of a sudden, suddenly Canadian oil companies such as Nexen, PanCanadian and Nexen may not qualify for top-grants. And the biggest private Canadian oil company, Domes, probably is not even half-Canadian.

Lalonde is a virulently smart and balanced politician. His policies have the reputation of major business groups. He is a Liberal, however, and never without a high card to play in about three weeks he will play an ace: the report of the inquiry into the oil industry by the director of the bureau of competition policy, Robert Bertrand. While this report was seven years in the making, it can be considered the second shot at Lalonde's energy program. It should undertake industry estimates of the government. It could also set the

stage for the take-over Lalonde wants of the Canadian assets of a major multinational, such as Gulf, Petrolina or Texaco. With no one willing to sell to Petro-Canada, this could be a messy take-over. The question is how to raise public support. The answer is 1,000 pages describing how the major companies may have acted in concert to stifle out competition and fix prices. The calculated effect will be to corrode any credibility the multinationals have left. In the words of one of Bertrand's clerks, the department hopes to show that "the Canadian operations of the multinationals were a laboratory for their price-fixing techniques. They had more control here because the independents are less of a threat than in the U.S."

There's nothing in Canadian law that says a company must cooperate. What they can't do is conspire with each other to fix prices. Bertrand's people have not found a

"smoking gun," a Waterspout-style tape recording or an agreement in writing that would send oil executives to jail. Instead, investigators hope to demonstrate guilt through loose hints that refer the major companies conspired to lessen competition unduly by formal or informal price-fixing and market-sharing arrangements. "If I were the judge," says one investigator, "the companies would be in trouble." But there will be no judge. It is almost inconceivable that a Canadian court could ever convict accurately under the Canadian Act, a tattered piece of legislation rendered virtually useless by

prior Supreme Court rulings. Instead of the courts, the oil inquiry seems destined for the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission. And here's the rub for the oilmen. This is not a court. Evidence need not be kept stringently secret. The book can be dropped swiftly, neatly, in one big boom—and leave the companies to attack its accuracy as best they can, after the fact. There is some hope, however, that public opinion will wash in favor of Big Oil. The oilmen may brand Petro-Canada Communist, but the public does not—and certainly won't after Bertrand drops his bomb.

"I really believe that if a good investigative policy comes out of this, the oil guys will breathe a big sigh of relief," says James Conrad, executive director of the Independent Petroleum Marketers of Ontario. He goes on to explain: "They can't get out of the situation themselves. They're too powerful. They need help." It is an enlightening comment. The petroleum industry is large enough and criss-crossed enough to challenge national policy. But in showcasing the investment responsibilities of private enterprise, the oilmen encourage the very "socialist" attitude on the part of the general public that they ascribe to Ottawa. Edmund Clark didn't predict it in his thesis, but it could be in a time of shortage that the public demands Ottawa step in.

Ian Anderson is a Maclean's correspondent in Ottawa.

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Mounting a scientific offensive

"Canada will soon become a country of lost opportunity"

By Dr. D.A. Chant

As a practising biologist I am witnessing two forces that are having devastating effects on science: inflation and inadequate budgets. In fact, science in Canada is in an area in which the impacts of inflation have been particularly severe.

Healthy science provides vital building blocks for the future and ensures that our industries produce and thrive, it helps us with problems of resource discovery and use, environmental protection, wildlife conservation, transportation, agriculture, forestry, human health—the list of problems is long and science is essential to their solution.

Due to unbridled inflation, science is in even deeper trouble than the average household. In the past five years the price of common chemicals has risen 336 per cent, scientific apparatus 180 per cent, rabbit chow 88 per cent, bedding material for experimental animals 82 per cent and the price of rabbits 97 per cent.

Preserved specimens for dissection in teaching laboratories are now worth almost their weight in gold: starfish cost \$1.60, small octopuses \$2.68, black widow spiders \$1, crayfish \$1.78, scorpions \$1.50, road puppets \$2.50, dogfish \$10.75, turtles \$5.50 and pig embryos \$7.85. Five years ago these specimens were available at a fraction of current prices.

Budgets for science in Canada have lagged far behind the staggering rate of inflation.

University governments do not run science lightly among their priorities and have yet to realize how dependent our future is on scientific development. This is no temporary phenomenon: the effective purchasing power of government grants to Canadian scientists declined by more than one-third from 1986 to 1994. And this disastrous trend continued in the late 1990s.

Science in government laboratories has suffered heavily in programs ranging from agriculture and fisheries to geology and marine science. But it is in our universities that science is now in a state of real crisis of funding and staff. For instance, Ontario's generosity of universities was once the flagship of the Canadian university sector. However, although overall government spending in Ontario has increased by 35 per cent in the past four years, university operating grants have increased by only a meagre 13 per cent over the same period. All university programs are suffering, but science has been particularly hard hit.

Take, for example, the budget of a large but typical university department of chemistry. Student enrolment has held, even during the past decade, whereas the number of staff members has decreased by seven per cent to meet budget cuts. Equipment funds have been reduced by 86 per cent and supplies budgets by 96 per cent in spending power. The portion of the total budget devoted to salaries has risen

from 79 per cent to 91 per cent, leaving only nine per cent for equipment and supplies. If these trends continue, in a few years there may still be some professors of chemistry but they will be completely stripped of the wherewithal to teach and do research, much like having a fleet engineered car without the gas to run it.

The effects of the twin forces of rampant inflation and inadequate funding of science in Canada are not difficult to detect. Government research on issues of great national importance such as northern environment, fisheries and forest productivity and energy conservation has been reduced, and some long-term research, without direct and immediate payoff, has been threatened entirely. Such basic research is the taproot on which all other research activities depend for their nourishment. Canadian industries, most of which have very limited research capabilities of their own, are not being adequately served with the benefits of research that they require to become self-sufficient and competitive in international markets.

In our universities, the effects of inflation and inadequate funding on science are even more visible. Certain expensive types of research can no longer be done at all: it is a rare Canadian professor who can still afford to do research in the Arctic, even though problems arising out of atmospheric aerosols, from oil spill research and off-shore drilling to dwindling levels of caribou.

Without such research to supplement the inadequate government funding available to ensure that the development of our resources will be compatible with human well-being and environmental integrity. Not only is critical research not being carried out, but the opportunity to train graduate students is being lost. Our next generation of scientists will have been trained on meagre research on local problems, with inadequate supplies and outdated equipment. I seriously doubt that this is what most Canadians want for the future.

Canada spends a far smaller proportion of its gross national product on science than most other developed countries, less than one per cent compared to an average of about two per cent among other developed nations. Unless that record is improved substantially, Canada will experience a steadily worsening scientific drought from which it will take a generation or more to recover. If these trends are not reversed immediately, Canada will soon become a country of lost opportunity because it failed to maintain a sound scientific base.

As science goes, so goes society. And science in Canada is going very poorly indeed.

Dr. D.A. Chant is professor of zoology at the University of Toronto and chairman of the Canadian Astronomical Advisory Council.



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The starting signal for a power trip

Egypt's new Qattara project will alleviate the booming current demands

By Peter Lowrey

The people who brought you the pyramids, the Arabian High Dam, and the breaching of the Bar-Lav Line are going for broke once again. This time Egypt will generate enough power to run Cairo by utilizing the world's largest depression, the Mediterranean sea, and the sun. Or so says President Anwar Sadat, who late last November announced "bail go-ahead" on the long-stalled scheme. "We must build a river that will flow continually backwards," said Sadat. It's not as mad as it sounds, although planners are a bit shakier on exactly how they're going to create the world's first hydro-solar power project.

With construction scheduled to begin in about two years, this new river will have the Mediterranean as its headwaters and flow from the coast near the village of El Alamein, the site of the epic Second World War battle between the armies of Montgomery and Rommel, south for 30 km through the sand, dry and still-active mine fields of Egypt's



Livestock market with power lines in background: a slum in contrast



Qattara Depression and map outlining project scheduled poverty

prospect. The project will harness the sun's energy, not the water flow, as of course, not power production—by 90 per cent in about 2005, from 6,000 megawatts to 3,000. Qattara project chairman Kamel Hassan contends that it will still be worthwhile as any unused potential will be available for extra power during peak demands of the day.

What will Qattara power mean to Egyptians? To fully appreciate the significance of the availability of electricity to the people, it is interesting to observe the impact of Egypt's other great hydro generator, the Arabian High

Dam, on the country's growth over the past decade. The High Dam is southern Egypt, completed in 1973, was built primarily to control the flow of the Nile, with electricity as a byproduct. The villages at Aswan have provided two-thirds of the country's power over the past 10 years. They have brought electricity to 70 per cent of the rural areas in the country, where 60 per cent of the people still live. One typical village outside Cairo boasts 15 television sets among 30 households. In two or three more years rural electrification will be complete, and despite frequent outages due to faults and inadequate equipment, almost every Egyptian will have

at least a lightbulb to call his own. The High Dam transformed Egypt from a primitive country to a modern country. It is a startling statistic in comparison to observe the impact of power. The Bahariya Delta is an area where the rural fellahs are quickly leaving their age-old lifestyle changed by the boon of high-tension power lines.

To anyone who has seen garbaged dusty fields elsewhere in Africa, the Delta is a joy. Immense canals built in the past century, still bring water to black loamy soil enriched by thousands of years of Nile silt. On market day housewives lead their large shopping baskets with beautiful calabashes the size of basketballs, mushrooms almost as big, juicy winter oranges, sugar cane, lettuce and tomatoes. Then with purchases balanced on their heads, they trudge down dirt farm lanes, perhaps just a few centimetres partially eaten by dogs, turn at the seasonal water tap, and enter a mud brick house—where their husbands and children sit watching *The Nigger Show* (with Arabic subtitles) on the family TV. At village level, the coming of power has meant first, electric lights.

In fact, some many homes have black-and-white sets, the traditional Modern social division between male and female

is changing. Before TV the men would usually go to the village café every evening to play backgammon or dominoes while waiting for their wives to come home. Now they might just as easily sit at home with their wives in front of the TV. In a soon-to-be-electrified village of 200, a middle-aged woman and wheat farmer told of big plans. As he talked, he excluded the quiet confidence of successful farmers from Yorkton to the Marikay. He had bought an American tractor some 30 years ago which not only still ran but still made him money through rentals. He planned to buy electric pumps and a cotton gin, also to rent out. Power will mean that villagers can stop carrying batteries to a nearby city for recharging every time their TVs and cassette loudspeakers run them down.

So why will a river be made to flow backwards into the Qattara Depression, an arid area and out of almost \$5 billion and 10 years' labor? The answer, of course, is housing demand. After the 1973 war with Israel and the subsequent peace process, the five pillars of the present Egyptian economy began to go up the Ben Canal was reopened, oil production, which earns the country about \$10 billion annually, began to rise. Two million workers headed for the Gulf states and started sending home fat hard-currency paychecks, tourism

boomed and a billion dollars per year in oil began arriving. Naturally shipments of consumer goods ebbed. Almost five hundred and the 30 per cent of the population with any disposable income began buying enough electrical appliances to melt the fuse box.

More dramatically, the population is expected to jump from the current 42 million to 66 million by 2000. Demand for power has already doubled between 1973 and 1978. Egypt is building new power plants to accommodate part of the population overflow, five of them in the area which will be serviced by the Qattara project. And despite the scope of the project, it is only expected to provide five per cent of the nation's needs by 2000, according to Kamel Hassan. Monthly ripples of figures and predictions as he talks of Qattara and other massive industrial projects being planned. One is tempted to feel sympathetic that all Egyptians may one day attain a decent living standard. As it is, Egypt cannot produce enough food, housing and schools to keep pace with its population, which keeps expanding at a rate of 130,000 new citizens each month. Despite the program in which thousands have played an active part in the past decade, one has to wonder whether there is any hope of anything beyond electrified poverty in Egypt.

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Tough guy on the campus star-maker circuit

Gordon Liddy's popular brand of machismo



Liddy: stopping and whistling for more

Every seat is taken. There are students squinting in the aisles, students craning into stairwells, students standing foot deep in the balcony. On a mild evening in December, half the campus population of Virginia's Washington and Lee University has squeezed into Lee Chapel to listen to a budding, middle-aged man billed as "America's greatest speaker"—and, it seems, the latest hero on the college talk circuit. His name is G. Gordon Liddy.

For years, Liddy was the mystery man of Watergate, the man who would not talk. He declined to testify before a federal grand jury, refused to address the Senate's Watergate probe, maintained his silence in front of the House intelligence subcommittee. Naturally—and willingly—he paid the price: conviction for conspiracy, burglary and wiretapping. Through 4½ years in eight U.S. prisons, Liddy refused to utter a single word of explanation or apology about his role in the Watergate imbroglio.

But now George Gordon Battle Liddy, 50, is talking for all he is worth, stamping campaign coats to wear, telling his side of the story. Believed with the flawed timing of a mediocre stand-up comedian, Liddy's lecture is part entertainment, part civics lesson. The former clown heavily from his best-selling au-

diobiography, *Will*, soon to be a made-for-television movie starring Robert Conrad, the latter from Liddy's rather rapid view of political reality. "The world is a very bad neighborhood at two o'clock in the morning," he tells his audience. "And the United States has become a little old lady walking in streets." What America must be, he says, is the 250-6 all-star tackle from Alabama, using strength to intimidate and control. College kids seem to love this display of ideological machismo. Whatever preconceived notions they may harbor of Liddy's somewhat understated presence, it does not take long before they are clapping and whistling for more of the same.

They might well find it in Liddy's own career. Son of a prominent New York attorney, he was a lucky, fearful child who once learned the virtue of self-discipline. He overcame sadness by cross-country running, and conquered fear by forcing himself to confront terrifying situations. On one occasion he climbed the tallest tree he could find during a lightning storm, inuring electrocution. He removed a private school education, took a law degree at Fordham law school and then joined the FBI. In 1968 he became Richard Nixon's campaign

organizer in New York's Dutchess County. Nixon won the county by 15,000 votes and Liddy claimed his reward—a job as special assistant to the treasury secretary. From there, it was but a short step to the Committee to Re-elect the President. Liddy, counsel to the finance committee, planned the shorthorn break-in at the Watergate offices of the Democratic National Committee.

For this, as for everything he has done, Liddy is unapologetic. "Some people have to take the detour," he says, one hand cradling a microphone, the other carving the air. "Those who do must live by the consequences—and don't play the victim when the courts find you wrong." Watergate, he explains, was really quite unexceptional, a simple intelligence-gathering operation that misfired. For Liddy, the end always justifies the means. This president has earned a stupor round of applause from his young audience, although some remain unconvinced. "As a Christian, I can at least look forward to a heavenly reward when I die," says one young man, troubled by the speaker's careless regard for moral imperatives. "What, sir, do you have to look forward to?" Liddy's gaze is steady as he replies, "Heaven." The applause breaks loose again.

The lecture circuit has been very good to Liddy. His fall tour alone—54 colleges and corporate audiences—grossed more than \$150,000, much of it earmarked for his Watergate legal debt. He plans to continue speaking and has a second novel in the typewriter. As for returning to government, Liddy is realistic enough to admit that he will not soon be offered a position in the Reagan administration.

"Just say," he says. "The Republic is mine."

—MICHAEL PRIGER

Shepherd steps out of the fold

After a tough 24-year battle within the United Church—waged mostly by ministerial retirees flying furiously between church bureaucrats—the rebellious Rev. Berkeley Reynolds, 52, defied a church order and opened his own denominating club in Scarborough, Ont., last month by its name. He became the first minister in the 54-year history of the church to lead his flock out of the fold.

During the Christmas season, followers of the way-haired preacher, known as the "Wild" Goliath of the United Church" for his conservative views and TV appearances, raised a truck to cart away his personal effects, sermons and theological library from



Reynolds: Billy Graham of the church

West Elmwood United Church to his new headquarters in an office tower. His new, sparsely furnished office overlooks the suburban sprawl over which the battle was fought. It's an area of new homes, plazas and hockey arenas, populated by about 40,000 souls who are without a United Church. And that's where Reynolds came in. Ferociously evangelistic, he proposed to sell his old church in a nearby area already well-served by several United Churches, and to build a new one, a \$3-million complex, complete with a church, a full day school of theology and, eventually, television facilities for national programming. The grandiose scheme—with Reynolds himself cast as the charismatic central figure—infuriated neighboring ministers who successfully blocked his efforts.

His plans seemingly in motion, Reynolds embarked on the appeal process by taking his case to the church's higher courts (Maclean's, April 28, 1984). In May, he took the matter to the Toronto Conference's annual meeting in Barrie, then to the 450-member church General Council in Halifax last August, but received no support.

In November, he and about 500 of West Elmwood's congregation announced for a two-year lease an office premises and a school gym in which to conduct services, now called the Good Shepherd Community Church. But even though he has left the church, the matter still rants in denominational compartments. Rev. Laura Wainwright, Toronto Conference secretary, says "the whole thing just escalated into a situation of distrust among neighboring ministers, which is a terrible situation for Christians." This month, the same denominational body—the presbyterate, that dread Reynolds' new church will decide how to discipline him. Reynolds said he defended himself to remain within the church, resign or apologize. Despite ultimatum and hard feelings, he doesn't regret his decision to bail. But, he adds, he fervently prays officials will let him conduct his new work within the church he has served for 26 years.

—DAVID PRIGER

Here comes Johnnie Walker Red.



So smooth it's the world's best selling Scotch.

A mission not impossible

By Robert Marshall

Imagine a school that's worried because its students have been studying too much. "They work like hell," says Director Alexander MacDonald, "and they don't take time to relax. However, if there's anything that I've noticed working overseas it's that Coady students are distinguished by an esprit de corps, a real identification with Coady."

Though largely unknown outside educational circles in this country, Coady—the Coady International Institute in Antigonish, N.S.—is practically synonymous with Canada in many parts of the developing world. This institute, part of St. Francis Xavier University, was set up in 1959 to teach social development skills to students from the Third World. Since then, more than 2,500 students from Africa, Asia, the Caribbean and Latin America have been trained in the ways of credit unions and marketing co-operatives, adult education and rural modernization.

Coady's students this year were better educated than ever, more used to studying on their own. They work hard and do little socializing.

Henry Ayad, 39, an Egyptian broadcast-union-social worker, was sent to Coady's latest session by the Coptic Orthodox Church, sponsor of a program he's developing to help the impoverished women of Coptic Beiruts Gharbia de Fardous. It's a social worker from Gharbia at Coady on a scholarship, was in the same class. "I didn't come here to waste my time," he says.

But if it's a lack of something that's troubling MacDonald, clearly there's a lot that's going right. Aid Nader Tawfik, a Canadian, the institute's Egyptian director, accepting an honorary degree from St. Francis Xavier in 1978, said Coady's work "among the poor of the world is very close to my heart. Your leadership role is deservedly acknowledged and universally admired."

Start with the basics and get them working well, then go on from there. That's what founder Maura M. Coady preached throughout a career devoted to helping Cape Breton's fishermen and farmers help themselves. "The job of all educators is to give the man man a chance to appreciate his rich heritage and to express himself," wrote Coady. "The man build his lighter fortunes before he can erect his new pantheon."



Public works project in India (above); Director MacDonald (left), de Freitas and Ayad: this is our chance



As a priest working in the education department at St. F. X., Coady started around 1918 to drop in on Cape Breton communities, encouraging the island's people to work together to improve their lot. He and several others organized informal "liturgy meetings" to give villagers pop talks on co-operatives, credit unions and better farming and fishing techniques. They developed a philosophy based on education and agricultural development which became the basis of the extension department at St. Francis Xavier when it was established in 1959 with Coady as its first director. The school started to attract students from abroad in the '60s, and by 1969 there were enough turning up each year to warrant a program catering directly to their needs. Coady died that year and the new department, the Coady International Institute, took his name. Today the Canadian International Development Agency puts up half its budget and half is privately raised, mostly by Catholics in this nation.

The philosophy developed in Cape Breton—social reform through education, education beginning with co-operation—came to be known in the '60s as the Antigonish Movement. Its pioneers, explains MacDonald, "Tall that the



school system and the university were simply turning out academics of the. Students were only being prepared for the professions and had no ability to improve the economy of the area."

MacDonald points with pride to Coady's recent stories overseas—corruption eliminated here, the landless organized there. "The biggest disproof of the philosophy in Cape Breton itself after all those years—how soon the co-operatives, which are set up to help everyone, became highly selective business organizations, mostly helping the advantaged I don't know." Coady's director concludes, "whether you can take the greed out of human nature." MacDonald nevertheless feels confident on one point—that any attempt at change that does not involve the grassroots are bound to fail. Or as Beatriz Guzman de Freitas put it as she prepared to take her new skills back to Colombia as a new member of the Coady International community, "This is our chance." ☐

All of you who know there won't be a fire in your home in the next fifteen minutes, raise your hand.

Let's see. Have you got your hand up or not? No? Then that makes it unanimous. Because we all know there's no way we can be certain, absolutely certain there won't be a fire in any of our homes at any time.

However, there are ways we can be almost certain. For example, do you have a smoke detector? All fire chiefs and other safety specialists recommend that every residence should have at least one properly installed smoke detector. Also, your fire department can give you a free home inspection and assist you in practicing good fire protection habits and an effective usage plan.

Fireprecan (Fire Prevention Canada Association) urges you to investigate these precautions because two thirds of all fires in this country occur in the home. In fact, there are almost 1,000 residential fires per week in Canada or over 50,000 a year, most of which could be prevented. Prevention that annually could help save the nearly 1,000 who die or the 10,000 who suffer burns and injury.

To prevent a fire and to practice fire safety is all our responsibility. Everyone who's willing to do these things, please raise your hand. That's better.

Fire Prevention Canada (FFPRECAN) Association can begin to help you prevent fire with the booklet "Do you know there are 'Sixty Ways to Prevent Fire in Your Home?'". If you'd like a copy, write FFPRECAN at the address below.

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Helter-skelter now!

Lennon is dead. A generation is shocked in sorrow. Nancy Reagan wrote a poem in her bedside drawer and the country mourns (*The Legacy of Lennon*, Cover, Dec 22).

—BETH EVDE, Edmonton

John Lennon is dead and missed in sorrow by people with, in my opinion, a warped concept of sanity.

—MATTHEW GOSWORTHY, Carleton Place, Ont.

Alf you need it less, John Lennon lived by these words and believed in them, but from the recent actions in the U.S. and other free countries, it appears that you also need a gun. Unfortunately, it took the killing of Lennon before I opened my eyes to the stupidity of selling handguns. After all, handguns are manufactured for one reason, and one reason only, that being to kill another human being. How can anyone in North America hope for world peace if peace cannot be obtained in their own country? Maybe the first step would be to place a ban on firearms for domestic use, since it appears to be the main source of violence in North America.

—CHRIS BROWN, Argos

More than meets the eye

In your article *Five, This Land Is Your Land*, Tom (Polman, Dec. 8), there are at least three misapprehensions which deserve immediate attention. First is the contention that "officials and politicians in Canada don't seem to care." During a visit to Ottawa in October, Dr. Perry was received sympathetically. Secondly, what I was attempting to convey was that the agreement between



Lennon in 1968: the insanity continues

British Columbia and Seattle, allowing flooding in exchange for compensation, made our task more complex than if there had been no such agreement. Dr. Perry, when in Ottawa, appeared to understand that there was more involved than "standing up to Washington." Thirdly, it was made quite clear to Dr. Perry that the Canadian government was preparing a statement to the International Joint Commission that would reiterate our continuing opposition to the flooding. It is reprehensible that Dr. Perry's damaging allegations have been published.

—MARK MACDERMAN, Secretary of State for External Affairs, Ottawa

The only answer

I am writing in response to your article *Three Must Be An Falsely Bomb* (Canada, Dec. 15). As the case is pending before a court of law and the matter is not yet decided, we would not like to say further than reiterate Pakistan's repeated and categorical assurances that the country had no intention of developing

or acquiring an atomic bomb. Pakistan's nuclear program is pursued exclusively for peaceful purposes. The country's aid import bill has risen from around \$800 million in 1976 to nearly \$1.2 billion this year—the staggering bill accounting for nearly 50 per cent of our export earnings. In peaceful uses of nuclear power, we see the only answer to our crucial energy requirements.

—S. ANWAR HADHOO, Press Attache, Embassy of Pakistan, Ottawa

Action alert

Plant Breeders' Rights (*Life Is Not a Bed of Roses*, Padman, Nov. 17) has been portrayed as the exclusive domain of multinationals. A Canadian company such as ours is at a critical disadvantage against the multinational because of the absence of legislation in Canada. This is due largely to the fact that many foreign countries refuse to grant Plant Breeders' Rights to nationals of countries where reciprocal protection is not available. We believe Canadian research is very competitive. However, to justify the large and long-term investment in a plant breeding research program we must be able to export our expertise and assure its protection abroad from plagiarists.

—HEATH C. PECK, Vice-President, Otto Pick & Sons Seeds Ltd., Richmond Hill, Ont.

Our company is a private, Canadian-owned, medium-sized member of the seed industry. We strongly support the need for Plant Breeders' Rights and consider that it is a necessary stimulant to private initiative for plant variety improvement and thus, in the long term, good interests of Canadian agriculture and Canada as a whole. Regrettably, your article treated this serious subject. Your writer was correct when referring to the necessity of preserving old plants and genetic pools. This, however, is primarily a task for national governments and Canada's effort is thus far inadequate. Increased activity by private plant breeders will help this effort in as much as private breeders also need to collect genetic material in order to make crosses and selections, and their collections will add to the national efforts. The world's future food supply may well be at stake and your treatment of this highly important topic did not appear to us to be a constructive contribution to the debate.

—G. GLOVE, President, Guco Inc., Brampton, Ont.

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Quest for a foreign policy

'However pure of thought there was no ignoring those hips'



By John Hay

The stars blinked through the African pains with a light as soft as the night air that had softened the heat of the day, and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau looked up from his dinner as the drums began to beat. The drums and the rosy wail of Nigerian flutes carried the air of drunken women dancing slowly toward the head table, where Trudeau sat at a state banquet given by the governor of remote Borno State, Mohammed Gona.

Hours before, Trudeau, his entourage and television cameras had touched down in Maiduguri in a Canadian Forces 501. The night he might have just as believably arrived by camel along the caravan route that once passed through the city. As white-coated stewards finished serving, the dancing women turned away from Trudeau and began a most remarkable kind of swaying. However pure of thought or distracted by affairs of state, there was no ignoring those hips. But the dancers have a secret: under their skirts they

Trudeau in Senegal and (inset) greeted by Brazilian Foreign Minister Fumero Sarney's Chief of Mission (Canadian Ambassador Ronald Mulcairn) during

wear baskets on their bottoms to exaggerate every languid move. There was more display than intent in that dance. The substance horrors of Nigeria, the starving of Senegal and the slaveholders of Brazil might with the same will not be said of Trudeau's trip—should they ever hear of it.

There was no shortage of good intentions spoken along the route, which shot Trudeau through Nigeria and Senegal to Africa's west coast, then to Brazil before he headed north toward Mexico

and home on the weekend. His plea over the 18 days was for co-operation among rich and poor countries to correct a world trading and financial system that has gone badly astray. "It's become clear that the international economic system is not working to the advantage of anyone," Trudeau declared in São Paulo. "The strongest and healthiest countries have been damaged by recession, inflation and unemployment, while the weakest and poorest countries are forced to direct their efforts not to growth and progress but to survival."

Reading sensically headlines can be depressing enough in rich countries, in the vast regions of poverty around the world, it can amount to reading your own death notice. Even bawling drunk, well enough off to rank as a middle-income country, these yield more than a quarter of its yearly export earnings just to service the government's foreign debt. The remedy prescribed by Trudeau at each stop is a set of structural reforms giving more power to poor countries (and so on oil exporters) in two main international bodies—the World Bank and the International Monetary

Maclean's
JAN 19 1982



Religious ceremony in Kingston, many government heads met with Pearson who comes as a national figure, then on to the national stage and on to the national stage

Along with the power, presumably, world go on each.

It is not a new interest for Trudeau. In a major speech in London five years ago, he affirmed "We want aid for nothing less than an acceptable distribution of the world's wealth." Such views have often been put forth, as a parliamentary committee heard last fall from Maurice Strogan, first president of the Canadian International Development Agency, who said: "Unfortunately, our actions in recent times have been less and less consistent with the high notes sounded by our leaders. The period we have now entered is one in which our 'good guy' image, and indeed the most enlightened views of our own ultimate self-interest, are to be tested as never before. We are going to have to put up or shut up."

According to the Ottawa-based North-South Institute, Canada hasn't been putting up neatly enough. In a report card last week, it found the government on a score of 21 tests. Trudeau rated an F for letting aid drop as a proportion of Canada's wealth rather than rise, and another F for failing to harness domestic policies with the needs of underdeveloped countries. The widest debate between rich and poor is no longer just about aid, but about trade, employment and power. Only in Senegal

did Trudeau pledge more aid—far over words and figures said. Says institute Executive Director Bernard Wood: "We are talking about the staff and substance of the Canadian economy and the international economy."

Trudeau endured something of a storm along these lines in Lagos from Nigerian President Sholeji Shagari, who by way of welcome scolded the men for looking "the will to act" in correct advice (rejection) not to be involved. Trudeau replied pointedly that he wasn't flying across the world to hear speeches about "distant objectives," but to seek ways in which they can "materially be achieved." Trudeau also noted that the so-called "Group of 77" poor countries are badly split against themselves about how to treat the rich. North-South disputes have surfaced again over whether—and, if so, how—to hold a summit of about 80 leaders from rich and poor countries in Mexico in June. One key grouping, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, has yet to take a stand—which means Trudeau got no commitments from OPEC member Nigeria. Officials found Brazil's interest in North-South diplomacy has slipped considerably. But for all its careful not to invite its neighbors' suspicions of any regional ambitions and is expected merely to attend

the summit if invited. Like its already invited senior men President Jose Pizarro, Brazilian diplomacy is almost apologetic—which might be why Trudeau made the Brazilian papers by arriving in Brasilia in a commercial suit and tennis shoes.

Scheduled flights in a private jet from Ottawa behind the night of the 10th, Trudeau found much better over the last than many other, ahead in plane over 15, 18, 19, 20, and a score of journalists and TV crew. While Trudeau's suit and tie he felt some around him, the men held to a rigid routine. Whether staying in official guest rooms or hotel suites, he was usually up by 8 a.m. for a quick briefing in his

drawing room from Revolution Assistant Gov. John Johnson. Trudeau, then from Ottawa with a few officials (some names he readily forgets), then a flat under the day's morning—agenda entitled in advance by officials. Trudeau tries to organize in an hour's nap after lunch and often takes a nap for a private dinner with the local Canadian ambassador, perhaps, or a friend. More Trudeau with Johnson, then led by night. Next morning he will pack his two battered briefs and a document case and head for the airport by motorcycle for an inevitable off-day arrival, review of a guard and another take-off.

Tricking Trudeau's journeys into government affairs over the past 15 years leads to one disturbing conclusion: there have been more new departures than safe arrivals. Recently launched initiatives have come limping home on a wing and a prayer or have vanished into some diplomatic Bermuda Triangle. There is, however, an undeniable continuity in his policy designs.

Nearly all were preplanned in his first campaign as prime minister in the early spring of 1968 and in the early years of his first government. He told a University of Alberta audience in May, 1968, that in the long run "the overwhelming threat to Canada will not come from foreign investments or foreign ideologies or even—'with good fortune'—foreign nuclear weapons. It will come, instead, from the three-fifths of the people of the world who are steadily falling farther and farther behind in

their search for a decent standard of living." The Cold War was showing them, and Trudeau thought it obvious that China—not Washington—would be Moscow's chief fear. "And if you can develop this line of thinking, then you cease to be an afraid of Russia in Europe as we are."

These visions of both the North-South and East-West conflicts present in Trudeau's outlook to this day, along with a third premise in Trudeau's approach that modernity becomes a middle power in foreign policy, he has argued, Canada should look first to its national interests, not try to fill some void left by international law or out about for influence in others' troubles.

The echoes of these early ideas ring in his first government's white papers and in the 1980 decision to leave Canada's European-based NATO forces. There came the six-booklet white paper "Foreign Policy for Canadians" of 1970, remembered for dismissing the old



A change is as good as a rest

Trudeau is meeting out high money, and in his next four years in the North Atlantic, Pierre Trudeau's shift in policy, after a year of a similar and stretch his hand along the road may be a big test. The prime minister is reported to be an advocate in the aftermath here seriously moved for a week when he is travelling. Outside the door, meanwhile, Brazilian officials have expressed surprise as Trudeau begins to explain the "constitutional changes" in the world economy that he has been carrying throughout his trip. They are reformer that poor countries are demanding of the rich with rising intensity.

"But institutional changes, really, but we're talking about it. Shifts of power, and the single I give it, whether it be in the International Monetary Fund or the

World Bank or in other financial institutions, changing the institutions really means giving the developing countries either more votes so that they will be able to interpret their own point of view more strongly in the IMF, or more votes so that they get more special drawing rights and so on—drawing rights being a sort of free use of credit a country needs, and in the end it may be able to use it with the Bank. Like countries get the most even if the poor need them most."

Trudeau strongly supports establishment of a so-called energy affiliate of the World Bank, an idea promoted by outgoing Bank President Robert McNamara as a vehicle to grant petroleum-rich energy development in poor countries. The oil exporters would gain more influence than they have in the World Bank itself and the poor might see their economies revived with new capital. Even the rich governments of Europe, North America and Japan have given official support to the principle. Trudeau says "But if you're asking me how the

"helpful pair" was played by Lester Pearson and Paul Martin, the 1971 defense policy that made protection of overseas and foreign interests, and finally, the 1972 paper on U.S.-Canada relations. All bear his personal mark, but his most famous success has been the remaining of international law. Reaching to the transits of the North Atlantic, the super-tanker Manhattan in 1980, he first declared political control jurisdiction over the Arctic waters. Then he set External Affairs to negotiate a whole new multinational treaty over the oceans and seabeds, challenging other governments by joining other coastal states in asserting a 200-mile "economic zone" off-shore. Dugged and often ingenious diplomacy by External Affairs sea-law experts is to elaborate in a new treaty to be signed this year.

Mitchell Sharp, a former Ottawa pipeline commissioner, was external affairs minister from 1968 to 1974 and recalls the external affairs minister and his colleagues could not pass by the new PM's insistence on questioning every old policy, but by his methods for making decisions. Sharp had been a minister under Pearson since 1963 and says he can't remember a single foreign policy decision in a Pearson cabinet—policy was made by Pearson and Martin, his boss at External Affairs. Under Trudeau, foreign policy was seen as a wrestling and attack by officials and ministers all over Ottawa. Sharp was criticized for not being the results are justified. "The results being, he says, a long, exhausting and usually unproductive of every proposal. As for content, Sharp interprets Trudeau as a trans-

action he only would if he thought it would be some kind of a success. And would be of a success would mean perhaps reducing the United States a fair amount of money. And whether they have it or not to dispose of is something I can't say on behalf of Pearson."

With only Mexico still ahead on a score that began in the Austrian years the week before, Trudeau did not manage to control the debate of constitutional changes and going through the brutal motions of reviewing guards of honor. On balance, though, he said, "I think personal diplomacy is important because, particularly in countries like this or in the presidential systems, the influence of the person of the president takes their lead from their political bases and Canadian businessmen in Saudi Arabia, Nigeria or Senegal suddenly and doom opening when a Trudeau visit is in the air. As for balance, Trudeau notes ungrudgingly, it goes with his job—after all, most days he is spending an hour in the House of Commons. —J.H.

With Singapore in Lagos, the rich got scolded for lacking 'the will to act'

shifting of power has been received, that in something else again." Indeed, The United States and some European allies blocked agreement on beginning broad-based United Nations negotiations on such issues, and the start-up of talks now awaits the formation of Harold Reagan's new administration. Says Trudeau, "We don't know, for instance, whether he will or will not attend the Moscow summit," proposed as a meeting of about 35 leaders in June to face North-South disputes. "It would be better if he would be, on the other hand, I



Leaving Leger "less and less consistent"

ditional Canadian internationalist. "The only change under Trudeau has been to put the national interest first...which brings us into line with the general of mankind." For all the white papers and new protocols, Canadian foreign policy frequently looks to renege and it has never done so in Pearson's day. The hard truth is that on many of the most pressing economic and strategic questions, Canadian policy-makers can only make the best of an agenda set by others. There is, however, an instructive case of what Canada could do but hasn't: the case of the Third Option.

The Third Option was born after what the headlines called the "Nixon shock" of August, 1971—a sudden barrage of trade and monetary measures partly meant to stem American industry against foreign competition. To Ottawa's horror, Canada was not exempted from the Nixon policies; the old "special relationship" was shattered. Canada became just another foreign country, and soon the feeling was mutual. In a while paper a year later, External Affairs set out the options: middle or as before, more toward integration with the States or "reduce the present Canadian vulnerability" to U.S. actions by diversifying foreign interests. This Third Option called for counterweights against Washington's influence and led to what Trudeau clearly called "the contractual link" with Europe in 1978. But the fruits of the Third Option have been meagre. Instead of taking a step-wise 60 per cent of Canadian exports as it did in 1972, the United States now



News conference in 1977. He failed a few

bars a merely enormous 68 per cent—and Canadians are as vulnerable as ever to the twists and turns of American policy. Trudeau blames the Third Option's disappointments on the slump that befell the West after 1973—"not the right time to innovate massively." But the real reason might be more dynamic than foreign: the failure to develop an industrial strategy. Said the 1972 paper: "The main thrust of the Third Option would be towards the development of a balanced and efficient economy to be achieved by means of a deliberate, comprehensive and long-term strategy." None was ever conceived. Industry Minister Herb Gray is still trying to worry one through cabinet. Meanwhile, there is hardly a single



Still sleeping with an elephant

"I wasn't Nixon's kind of guy, I suppose, nor was he mine" 80, with underachievement, says Pierre Trudeau recall his neo-friendship with Richard Nixon. Like the ribs of an umbrella, all elements of Canadian foreign policy finally hinge at the centre of Ottawa's relations with Washington. How has Trudeau gotten along with the White House end of the bed? "I'll be quite candid: in terms of the effect of the presidential thinking and actions on Canada, I've had very good relations with every president in that particular sense." However much he and Nixon disliked each other, Trudeau says, "The record will show that Nixon was, from the Canadian point of view, a good president," both in cross-border affairs and in such U.S. moves as recognition of China and détente with Moscow. "I had very good relations in that sense with Ford and Carter." It was Gerald Ford who, perhaps for North American companies, won Trudeau's seat in the seven-million Western summit. Jimmy Car-

ter's people say their man and Trudeau got on famously, if not always effectively. Carter was unable to meet commitments to Ottawa on pipelines and fishing treaties.

Trudeau is reserved judgment on Ronald Reagan. Asked to brag about Reagan's new page references to a non-alien energy scheme, Trudeau blandly replied: "It is worth listening to him before refusing or accepting whatever he has in mind," adding that "we are as our guard against any continental approach." If Canadian recent being opened by Washington, there are risks in being the centre of attention. Says Charles Derra, head of Canadian studies at Johns Hopkins University: "There is absolutely no doubt that the Reagan administration will pay more attention to Canadian affairs. The question is, will that attention benefit the relation as well? It just came today?" Derra senses friction as a right-wing Reagan government riles against Trudeau in a selfish mood. But other observers in Washington figure that in a world longer seen as hostile and dangerous, he will want his neighbors to be his friends. —J.B.

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foreign policy question that can be answered soberly without even such strategy—least of all the trade, resources and security issues raised by the North-South choices.

If the truth be told, of course, even *sound* issues and clear purpose carry only so far in softening-prose foreign relations. Diplomatic-Intelligence Harold Neidman made the point: "Few indeed are the occasions on which any statesman sees his objective directly before him and marches toward it with undeviating strides." On the other hand, Trudeau may have underestimated his own and Canadian power to influence events abroad rather than scramble to meet them. After all, with a touch ofattery, perhaps, Henry Kissinger wrote in his memoirs of the Trudeau government's "extraordinary skill" in maneuvering between confrontation and co-operation with Washington, "the high quality of leadership" giving it relevance out of proportion to its military power.

Michael Sharp says Canada's place in the Western summit has been won by Trudeau's own abilities as well as by Canada's resource wealth, and Harold V. on *Archives of Carleton University in Ottawa* agrees on the basis of several measures that Canada ranks fifth or sixth among world powers. The real limits on Canadian action, says political scientist Van Riekhoff, have been foreign, but domestic the debilitating dispute over the future of Quebec and the failure to take Canada's industry away from its dominating reliance on American markets. The Quebec problem required Trudeau to keep the United States "eventually neutral" toward Canada, while economic rules out taking risks in reducing trade.

There is also, even after all these years, still a bit of the debilitate in Trudeau—a frustration with new ideas in



O'Manique (left), Van Riekhoff looks on policy have been intense

foreign affairs but no tests for the speedwork. Says former external affairs minister Flora Macdonald: "There have been certain areas that I've never been into, the Soviet Union. But after the usual accomplishments it would seem to drop, Canada's role in the world was not something that interested him." Sharp, an adviser of Trudeau's foreign policy, agrees. Trudeau often left external affairs to others, even new departure. Having announced the intention to recognize China, for instance, he left the tricky negotiations to External and readily took Sharp's advice on the final formal, negotiated with Beijing. When Washington in 1972 was pressing Ottawa to send troops to the International Commission of Control and Supervision in Vietnam, it was Sharp, not Trudeau, who settled on terms with Kissinger.

Since her short sojourn as Joe Clark's minister at External, Macdonald has written briefly of another constraint on making foreign policy: the "extraneous demands" springing on ministers by

their own officials. His complaints of rushed demands for "terrific decisions," long, indecisive meetings and the smacking of documents past ministers into cabinet. Trudeau himself was briding at bureaucratic sluggishness at a Commonwealth meeting in Singapore 18 years ago. "To overcome this inertia requires all the energy a government has, and frequently that is not enough."

Now there is new evidence that the bourgeoisie might be especially obdurate on North-South issues. A recent published survey of opinions among Canada's elites shows that only businessmen are more resistant than civil servants to proposals for reshaping the world's economy in favor of poor countries. Sponsored by a United Nations agency, John O'Manique of Carleton's School of International Affairs led a team that interviewed 107 top business leaders, senior civil servants, labor leaders, editors, professors and workers with private aid agencies. When asked about changing the present international economic system, 68 per cent of the top civil servants supported only *radical* changes, against 21 per cent for fundamental changes. Among company top brass, 86 per cent wanted *radical* changes with just *some* per cent in favor of fundamental changes. A small majority of civil servants—58 per cent—endorsed increasing the weight of poor countries in the World Bank and International Monetary Fund, but that was before the prime minister himself adopted such policies publicly. Surprisingly, most government, business and labor leaders supported cutting trade barriers against non-country imports but, as O'Manique's report says, "This is one of the areas in which practice lags considerably behind policy." Indeed, on this crucial North-South issue the protectionists lobby has been the stronger than any liberalizing for the poor—in Canada or developing countries—who share an interest in the trade of cheap credits. The North-South trade policy, moreover, that protectionist demands "have been advanced by parallel bureaucratic interests," he says.

Importantly within the federal department of industry, trade and commerce. In sum, while Trudeau has wisely abjured role-playing and has made the rational attempt to transcend the foreign policy, he has been constrained by the shipping or even defining what that rational interest in *Trade/Value* in the world will generate controversy in Canada—whether about trade or energy or immigration or Eastern Europe. What any prime minister must pursue is not a *Trade/Value* but a *Trade/Value* and a sense of the Canadian character and of its future in the world. ☐

National

A little bat, a little blood

While a frightened bat swooped over the heads of the parliamentary convention standing the constitution in Ottawa last week, Justice Minister Jean Chrétien did not flinch. "Aha," he exclaimed, extending his arms. "If I was MacKenzie King I'd take this as a good omen." But for this lawyer politician, it was the happy moment, in a work of heavy irony, for Chrétien presented significant amendments to Pierre Trudeau's constitutional proposal Monday, then spent the rest of the week defending them under some of the toughest opposition questioning yet seen. Peter Sinclair, an Ottawa judge last year for the *Star*, could hardly believe his happiness as he asked Chrétien why the amendments contained no further protection of aboriginal rights. Chrétien, who likes to boast he was Indian affairs minister "six years, one month, three days and two hours," and he was personally troubled by the question, but only land claims are a complex, difficult issue. "All you did when you saw ministers was get five cartoons from the *Elk*," he snipped.

But if Sinclair drew blood, it was his wit. Minister Steve Robinson, who drew accusations. After praising the minister for fighting back against the *Elk*, Robinson asked why the *Elk*'s charter of rights—which proclaims discrimination on the grounds of sex, race, religion, age and national or ethnic origin—wasn't extended to include the handicapped. Chrétien and public opinion is still "cooling" and "broadly defining disability is a bureaucratic nightmare." The inference is that more people have to be hurt before we move to protect their rights," said Robinson later. But his partner had been Chrétien promised to try a redraft to include the disabled. He was not supported by the Tories. But when Robinson tried to have gay rights included, Chrétien could not resist.

In the end, it took a fellow Quebecer—renegade back-bench Liberal Lucien D'Amboise—to prod the minister to redraft. He then emerged from a highly emotional meeting of the Liberals, divided Quebec away from the first piece of love out of a volcano and spread all over Chrétien under the television lights. Why, he wanted to know, was Chrétien arguing against language rights in Quebec? He was not, said Mr. D'Amboise, and against René Lévesque's wishes—and refusing to impose bilinguism.



Chrétien (above), Robinson, Opp. free cartoons from the *Elk* (below)



and movements on Ontario, in defiance to Premier William Davis. "The issue grabbed all the headlines in Quebec last week and Chrétien remains pleasantly uncomfortable about it. He told the *Observer* he was sure that someone that Ontario would agree to become, like Chrétien, officially bilingual and that the rights to bilingual court and legislative services could be extended to the new constitution—rights already enjoyed under the *Act*, he said. Although in Quebec and by French Ministers, but at the eleventh hour, Ontario refused. So, says Chrétien, would have tried to be together with Ontario but was restrained by Trudeau and Sinclair. Minister Marie Laframboise, who don't want to lose David's support in the larger constitutional war, Chrétien's defense of the Trudeau-Lafolette compromise, while loud, was unconvincing, and he finally conceded at an aptly named *David's* round of negotiation don't impress on very much.

The New Democrats hit the same nerve again when the told Chrétien they planned to introduce an amendment

ment that would force Ontario to provide the same rights in francophone as in anglophone communities. "We stop at Ontario," challenged Chrétien. "Why not all the provinces?" In fact, that is unlikely to happen. The *Star* notes in almost certain to fail in light of the large Liberal majority on the constitution committee. Asked a day would suggest if some Liberals broke ranks to support the *Star*, Chrétien replied unambiguously, "Then, don't."

To some extent, whatever the hard-working MP on the committee says or does the next few weeks is irrelevant. The Liberals are determined to push ahead with their plans to patriate the constitution, including their bill of rights and their controversial amending formula, notwithstanding growing public and political opposition. But

last week, Premier Allan Rock's support looked more dubious than ever after last week's events, and the Liberals other provincial friends—New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield—had even more scratching their heads over his threat in London that Canada would make a unilateral declaration of independence if Britain tried to block patriation. Meanwhile, polls last week showed that 50 per cent of Ontarians oppose under the charter of rights to Westminster for ratification, they want the constitution patriated first and the debate on its contents to take place *also*—in Canada. That is exactly the position claimed by Joe Clark this week, as his Tories try to stall the Trudeau case law in hopes of success later in political stakes. As for the prime minister—just home from his pursuit of a new world order—he owns his embattled justice minister a battle. Not only did the pessimistic-visible Jean Chrétien hold the line but he was—be managed to do it without losing his remarkable voice.

—BRIAN BILLY

The late arm of the law

March, 1989 in Vancouver. It is a small, dark, and somewhat somber scene, the prize of a sit-in at Simon Fraser University. In Toronto, the president of the German Socialist Student Federation was ordered out of Canada. In Montreal, four early students heard their crime described as "a serious offence with possible national implications." They had stolen a portrait of the Queen, a crucifix and a plaque belonging to the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire in Montreal. Sir George Williams University had been ransacked and the whole episode at McGill University was under fire from angry French and English radicals denouncing a "McGill coup d'état."

One of the McGill demonstrators was a quiet, recently graduated engineering student, 30-year-old Nigel Barry Hamer. Last week, 15 years later, Hamer stood as a Montreal court slapping his part in the 1970 kidnapping of British Trade Commissioner James Richard Cross was "a natural

step" for a member of the activist generation. But, the September "sixth issue" in the Cross kidnapping, the Anglo who had managed to remain silent for more than a decade, left the debate impression that his non-regretted "mass media" tactical error—the abduction that planned the country into the October Crisis—was so much of a surprise to himself as to anyone else.

As outlined in a production officer's pre-empting report, Hamer's pre-revolution life was "absolutely ordinary." Deciding to become an engineer like his father, Hamer spent his first three years at McGill with his name diligently in his books. Political awareness dawned as he listened to a Venezuelan friend's account of social life back home. But it wasn't until Montreal workers came to tear down his own student digs for a luxury hotel that Hamer became involved in left-wing politics. While protesting the desecration, he encountered young francophones who quickly tilted him in on their discontent in Quebec.

He met his PLQ member Jacques Cossette-Trudel in a student bar and, during the summer of 1970, convinced him that he was committed to action in Quebec. Cossette-Trudel contacted Hamer a week before the Cross kidnapping, but informed him of the details of the plot



Hamer, 10 years ago, "a natural step"

only the day before. Though Hamer recently told production officer Joëlle LeRoux that he didn't even know how to fire a gun, he accepted one and went to Cross's house with three PLQ compa-

gnized sexual assault" involving use of a weapon or other bodily harm (with a maximum life sentence), judges and juries will focus on the violent rather than the sexual aspects of the crime—and the victim's own sexual history will become a misfire, if not negligible factor.



Ewanick: selling change in prime time

Some people, including Winnipeg lawyer Greg Brodsky, argue that the sexual element of the assault should be ignored altogether. "A woman will still be intimidated by the assertion that she was raped or sexually assaulted," he says. "There is no specific charge for cutting off a person's arm, there should be none for rape." But some feminists

disagree—they argue that rape is a special crime that society should recognize that in the Criminal Code. The reforms proposed by the Liberal government would also allow a wife to charge her husband with sexual assault (and vice versa), would tighten restrictions on using the victim's past sexual history as evidence, and would modernize the law respecting sexual exploitation of children, so that males, as well as females, are protected.

This latest attempt to update Canada's rather Victorian sexual offences code—the Liberals have been trying longly since 1978—may or may not become law. To some extent it depends on whether Justice Minister Jean Chrétien—who introduced the new legislation—can be diverted from his constitutional duties long enough to push the new bill through Parliament's winter session. Meanwhile, one of the justice department's lawyers, a pioneer of the new bill, E.G. Ewanick, says public attitudes about rape are changing. "The male myth that you can't rape any woman if she doesn't want to be is fading away." He attributes this welcome change not so much to the behind-the-scenes struggle of recent heterosexuals, as he himself, as to the mass media. "The way certain television shows from the States have really turned around public attitudes. The media has done the rest."

—SUSAN HILLY

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ism on the morning of Oct. 5, 1993. They looted Cruss and held him for the next 60 days.

Hamer, though, dropped out of the plot before it ended and told Leroux he was overcome by the fallout from the Cruss kidnapping. "Devilments went far beyond what was actually planned," Though Hamer leaves it unclear, it is apparent that the minister of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, kidnapped by another hijack cell within a week of Cruss's abduction, was more than he had bargained for. Two weeks before the Cruss cell was dismantled, Hamer pulled out.

In court last week, Hamer's lawyer, Norman Maron, broke down in tears as he described the massive arrests under the War Measures Act that took place during the October Crisis. One of the few known radicals not questioned was Hamer, though police informers had fingered him as a Cruss kidnapper within days of the abduction. Police chose instead to keep Hamer under surveillance for 10 years in the apparent hope that he would implicate himself in the kidnapping, thereby sparing them the embarrassment of exposing their own sources. Hamer's eventual arrest last July came only after police informers—among them one of Hamer's closest friends—had been publicly exposed at the Quebec Keble Commission inquiry into RCMP wrongdoing. (Still unexplained, however, is why police have not arrested a seventh Cruss kidnapper—a woman reportedly known to them and to the Quebec government.)

Lawyer Maron complained in court that the decade of police harassment made Hamer's life a misery. They tapped his phone, stalked his home, showed up at his 1971 wedding to take pictures of his guests and even tried to discredit him among his radical friends by spreading rumors that he was a police agent. Somewhere along the way, the student radical finally realized the Canadian parliament wasn't suffering according to the preferred Hamer model. Hamer ran back to and his wife, Elaine Tremblay, rejected radical politics in 1976, a decision that preceded by only a few months the birth of their first child and Hamer's acceptance of a generous job teaching computer science at a Montreal junior college.

It's that job that is keeping Hamer out of jail, at least for the time being. Though Judge Yves Mayrand said Thursday he saw "no substantial reason" Hamer should be treated differently from other Cruss kidnappers, he has sent to prison, he did decide to delay sentencing until the end of the school year—to spare students the "shock" of losing a favored teacher halfway through the term.

—ANNE BODANE

Saskatchewan

Costly pileups on the lone prairie

Nobody knows why Saskatchewan motorists have suddenly taken to driving kamikaze-style, with accident claims shooting up 20 per cent in a year. But the highest-risk loop burbling down the highway as if heading for somewhere to crash is 901—the Saskatchewan government agency that insures all the cars.

Provincial motorists erupted in protests last week when Saskatchewan Government Insurance linked car insurance premiums on average by 28 per cent. After years of saving knowledge that the rates they paid were the lowest in the nation, their satisfaction turned to fear and loathing when rates for some muscle cars (for instance, the Pontiac Firebird) went up as much as 40 per cent.

Actually, trouble has been brewing for the past year in debt-ridden 901. When its auto accident insurance fund lost a staggering \$28.4 million in 1979 after a history of modest profits, Hamer-Wallace was named over from deputy minister to be corporation president. He replaced John Green, who had been with 901 since its formation in 1946 when it became the first government-run insurance company in North America, and Wallace's argument was to turn the situation around. "We're hemorrhaging money," was his

grim diagnosis last summer, just before 13 million uninsured employees were dismissed outright in a corporate restructuring.

But the changes did nothing to cool the escalating accident rate that boosted repair costs by 34 per cent. Hamer-Wallace's response was to cut costs by 10 per cent, with a 50-per-cent increase in premiums a year ago. Still, it wasn't enough to stem the flow of red ink, and with predictions of another \$20 million in losses when the corporation's annual report is released in March, the only alternative was to boost premiums again and to raise the basic deductible to \$350 from \$200.

The new risk-based premium structure sets rates so that they reflect the risk of vehicles in terms of repair costs. Since the new rates are more accurate or cost more to repair vehicles higher increases than the average. Although no satisfactory comparative statistics were available, the minister who oversees 901, Wes Robbison, insisted Saskatchewan rates are still among the lowest in the nation. In some cases, it appears true. For example, a driver in Winnipeg would pay a \$285 insurance premium for a 1977 Chevrolet Impala, compared to \$251 in Saskatchewan. However, the Marobla driver would have only a \$200 deductible compared to \$350 in Saskatchewan, and basic public liability coverage is \$50,000 in Manitoba, only \$25,000 in Saskatchewan (though it will rise to \$100,000 this spring).

But the gnating question was why Saskatchewan drivers had suddenly become so reckless. Robbison argued that it was due to a booming economy, since Alberta was experiencing the same accident problems. Richard Wallace, 51, didn't know why, but when times are good people tend to be generally less careful. They have more accidents and are subject to more fines.

The rationale did not impress the political opposition, which has been having a field day with the old problem and with the idea of surrendering the agency for building itself a \$17-million 30-storey office tower, the tallest in Regina. "Basically, people in Saskatchewan aren't going to buy this," snarled Jim Garner, Conservative M.L.A. Nor did all of 901's 488 independent business agents. "Let any Canadian corporation, people feel money is being wasted on too many employees and over office buildings," said one rural agent. "What's worse, it takes three or four months to get policies, sometimes, and the company's accounting is a mess. That sort of thing doesn't happen with other companies." Aside from the financial troubles, 901 has an image problem that for many people will take a long time to erase.

—DALE ESKER



SGI tower, Wallace, Robbison from above

British Columbia

Green light for a new age of steam

Joe Stander is up to his neck in hot water and he couldn't be happier. For seven years he has been project manager of B.C. Hydro's Meager Creek Geothermal Site, and in a few weeks time his three crews will recommence drilling toward the ruminant magma of a recently extinct volcano. A few hundred metres below the surface of B.C.'s Lillooet Valley, 100 km northwest of Vancouver, lies a 12-square-mile zone of hot water. The heat is being provided by nature: the slugged remains of molten rock left behind when Meager Mountain erupted 2,600 years ago and the explosion an occasion as the one that shook Mount St. Helens last May. By B.C. Hydro's latest estimates, the site, when fully developed, may have the potential for producing 1,000 megawatts of electricity, thereby making it one of the largest geothermal locations in the world.

"By comparison, the G.M. Serran Geothermal Station on the Peace River, at 2,300 megawatts, is B.C.'s largest hydroelectric facility."

Drilling for steam at Meager Creek (above) and helicopter pilot Eldon Tabor testing nature's hot tub supply: an environmentalist's dream of clean power



—DANIEL WOOD

Geothermal power is produced by drilling into underground reservoirs of trapped hot water and steam, and then using the pressure of the upward-flowing material to power electrical generators. It has been done elsewhere, notably in the geysir district north of San Francisco where a similar-sized geothermal region produces 900 megawatts of electricity. In fact, it is a fairly old

and proven technology, dating back to 1894 when underground steam was harnessed in central Italy's Larderello district, but it has never been tried in Canada. And until experts came in from the five drill holes put down in Meager Creek in 1986, the conservative minds at B.C. Hydro planned to stay with the province's conventional power sources—fossil fuels and hydroelectric. Now the Meager project has been pushed forward a year and increased funds are promised. Stander has been allowed to go for the big turn and drill a potential power-producing well this spring. If things go according to schedule, B.C. will have its first geothermal pilot plant by the late 1980s.

Unlike the other two proposed energy projects on Hydro's drawing boards, Meager Creek is a dream for environmentalists. The two other projects, the 300-megawatt Site C dam on the Peace River and the proposed huge 2,000-megawatt coal-burning generator at Est Creek, 80 km southeast of Vancouver, are bound to provide environmentalists the Site C dam would cost \$1.5 billion and flood 12,500 acres, half of that land deemed suitable for farming. The Est Creek project would cost \$4.5 billion and inevitably emit sulphur dioxide, the main cause of acid rain. While either of these would certainly produce far more energy than the \$300-million Meager Creek project, the pollution problems are minimal with geothermal energy. The earth itself is the "boiler" and the steam hot water is pumped back into the ground. The only thing a visitor might notice would be a slight odor of rotten eggs, sometimes associated with volcanically heated water. B.C. Hydro's executive vice-president of operations, Ron Martin, "We know we'll run out of economically and environmentally sound hydroelectric sites in B.C. soon. The best sites remaining are in the Far North and that means long transmission lines. When we get word of the results from Meager Creek, we decided to speed things up."

Project manager Stander points out that there are at least six other known locations in B.C. where geothermal power may be found. When pushed, he hazards a guess that by the year 2000 British Columbia might be capable of producing 3,000 megawatts of geothermal power—about half of the province's present electrical demand. There's a certain usefulness to his optimism in Stander's observation: "We're so fortunate in B.C. We are very rich in gas, very rich in hydroelectric and very rich in coal. I don't know of any other place in the world that has so many resources. And now, although we're starting small, it looks like we can add geothermal power to the list."

—DANIEL WOOD

U.S.A.

The Sinatra connection

How Reagan's new attorney-general was spared some embarrassing questions

By William Loewher

I cly distinguished by his carefully groomed white hair, 65-year-old William French Smith sat at the Senate Judiciary Committee last week waiting for a question that was never put. While the Capitol's corridors were humming with anticipation and TV cameras scanned the committee room, Ronald Reagan's choice for the post of attorney-general, the country's chief law officer, responded to innumerable questions about his membership in two unions while in California. He also had



Smith with Ronald and Nancy Reagan (above), then left Gregory De Palma, Thomas Warner and Carlo Gambino, chance meetings on the golf course

meanings to my about his priorities for solving crime. But in his 74 hours before the committee, nobody thought to mention a matter that many of the assembled journalists considered had a certain relevance. French Smith's acquaintance with Frank Sinatra and his apparently chummy attendance at a party given by Sinatra. Another of the guests was Los Angeles lawyer Sidney S. Korshak, said by the California Crime Commission to have been linked to organized crime for the past 35 years.

When news about the party first leaked out following French Smith's nomination by Reagan, the episode was besieged by reporters. On one occasion he described his relationship with Sinatra as "social and rare—mostly chance meetings on the golf course." He went to the party with a group, he said. He was "not sure" if he received a personal invitation. Unlike a large number of his fellow countrymen, he had been "totally unaware" of allegations about

Frank Sinatra's background.

It was statements like these that the committee had been expected to probe. But none had gotten to Frank even before the William French Smith connection is only one part from the political tension that has been whirling around the Reagan camp, as far without doing much damage, for some weeks now. The man who is at the center of the storm is Sinatra—a friend of Reagan's as he was of former presidents John F. Kennedy and Richard Nixon—whose links with the Mafia have long been a matter of open speculation and, at least on occasion, official censure.

In 1963, Sinatra, then a part owner of two Nevada casinos, had his gambling license revoked by the State Gaming Commission because of his "continued association with Sam Giancana, well known for his unsavory and notorious reputation." Giancana was an alleged mob boss based from gambling activity in Nevada. He later was indicted. Sinatra reportedly introduced Kennedy

to Giancana's girl friend Judith Campbell Kane, who testified long after Kennedy's death that she had had relationships with both Kennedy and Giancana. Kennedy's friendship with Sinatra was ended abruptly, as it is said, when FBI wiretaps picked up Kane's calls to the White House. At about the same time, the CIA is said to have advised Giancana's help in its battle and unsuccessful efforts to assassinate Cuba's Fidel Castro.

Reagan's friendship with Sinatra dates back many years and arguments in their show business past. But it began reviving close attention after the singer used Reagan in a personal reference last November in his attempt to regain the Nevada gambling license. Sinatra is seeking the license to "participate in management" of Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, an interesting fact as Caesar's Palace has been refused permission to open a casino in Atlantic City on the grounds that Clifford S. Perleman, its president, associated with organized

crime. A hearing on Sinatra's Nevada application was scheduled for December, but was delayed until Feb. 11 because the singer said he would be busy with the musical.

Both *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* have been hot on Sinatra and Reagan's traits ever since New York Times columnist William Safire put the matter personally to Reagan at a party and reported that the president-elect had replied "Yeah, I know. We've heard those things about Frank for years, and we just have none of them are true." Safire also said that two senior Reagan associates were disgusted at Sinatra's notorious "grime-ness" and that the pit had begun a new summary of the Sinatra file and that the Senate Judiciary Committee wanted to see it.

Earlier, the Times had quoted a Reagan associate spokesman as dismissing as "rumor" the reports of Sinatra's friendships in organized crime. "New-



French Smith: chance attendance

ortheless," says the newspaper, "a number of books and articles in recent years have described such relationships." One of them was a much-published trip Sinatra made to Cuba in 1947 to see Lucky Luciano, the exiled Mafia leader. In addition to Luciano and Casanova, noted the Times, Sinatra was also said to have been friendly with Joseph P. Kamp of Miami, a cousin of the late Al Capone.

quest to the inalienable rights conferred by the founding fathers. "For this generation, life is neither survival, liberty is human rights, the pursuit of happiness in a planet whose resources are devoted to the physical and spiritual enrichment of its inhabitants."

It was an address to the historians. The implied subtext was that while Carter himself might forego any in any way and minus endorsement of his leadership, he had preserved and enhanced these core American values—"not liberties, but necessities, not the self in our breast, but the bread itself." Despite critics' abuse, he warned, Americans must not abandon their principles. But the speech was also faithful to the man-God-fearing and anti-materialism, with a strong dose of the missionary spirit. He was, even his critics acknowledged, a dream man trying hard to be a decent president. History would show whether decency was enough.

—M.P.

Quincy Morrell and Angelo DeCicco of New Jersey, Eugene Chinnelli of Chicago, Louis Pesselti and the late Carlo Gambino of New York—all men with the reputations of mobsters.

Apologists for Sinatra have maintained all along that he associates with criminals only because to do so boosts his ego. But that does not explain his association with Reagan's willpower, as he is seen as a reference to Sinatra's application for a new gambling license, nor over the close ties between the families of Korbach and Sinatra—their wives, by coincidence, are frequently seen at the golf course together—and the latter's connection, however tenuous, with the man who is Reagan's attorney-general, William French Smith.

Just what will the doctor order?

First there is the economy-inflation-plagued, debt-ridden, super-deficit. After that, is no particular order, there is Chrysler and the automobile, El Salvador and the Persian Gulf, the grain embargo and the Camp David peace process and talking (as distinct from negotiating) with the Soviets about strategic arms limitations. A new medic is moving into the White House.



Allen (left), and Paul Thompson to Canadian pressure for respect to the deficit

and these, properly, are the first cases he must see. But somewhere down a corridor, in the outpatient department of the next wing, awaits a middle-aged specimen in no apparent pain, politely seeking an examination. This is Canadian-American Relations. And in due course, the Reagan surgeons will get to him as well.

It is a safe presumption that Canada did not figure prominently on the agenda of the Reagan transition team. For largely symbolic purposes, the president was anxious to accept what four other U.S. presidents had previously accepted, the seemingly apolitical grip of Pierre Trudeau. But the prime minister's pre-inauguration itinerary was too crowded. Now, says Reagan's national security adviser, Richard V. Allen, the

two leaders will meet "as soon as possible." The dates currently being discussed are late February or early March.

Whatever conflicts may be ahead, Reagan's principal advisers want the initial trip to Ottawa to go smoothly. Until then, therefore, they may be uncharacteristically responsive to Canadian pressure to clear the debris resulting from the changes between Ottawa and Washington. It is even possible, Canadian officials believe, that the congressional East Coast Siding and Sounders train—signed by Jimmy Carter but never ratified—may be made concrete through the pro-Republican Senate. Canadian Ambassador Peter Tseu already has met with both Allen and Charles Freely, assistant chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee, all parties are said to be eager to remove the lingering fog from the 90th Congress, that committee was chaired by Rhode Island Senator Charles Pell, who labelled the fishing treaty signed in Canada's favor "stripped of power, Pell's personal desire of New England's seafishermen is gravely weakened."

Penny plans to put the treaty on track by mid-February, presumably with some modest amendments to appease Pell's knave. Barring other impediments, the treaty could conceivably be ready for signing by Reagan and Trudeau in Ottawa, in which case a number of "interested" congressmen would likely make the journey north, to share in the attendant euphoria. However, if this declared American willingness to proceed is less than it seems and if no progress is made before the Reagan visit, the treaty may be relegated to a very distant near future.

Overall, Canadian officials are guardedly optimistic about dealing with Reagan, particularly since the much-discussed North American Accord has now been downgraded from an institutional mechanism to, in the words of Richard Allen, "a psychological framework, a state of mind." Moreover, many around the Reagan administration are excited Nixon-Ford diplomats, who at least understood the Canadian viewpoint of energy, trade and other bilateral issues.

In a speech last week to the National Security Industrial Association, Ambassador Tseu concluded that the U.S. is not the type served to the president alongside his breakfast tray. But what appear to be relatively minor irritants are fostered, if left untreated. For the moment, Canadian officials are hoping the Reagan White House will deal with its Canadian patient respectfully, and that there will be no treatment that puts a good bedside manner.

—MICHAEL PANTER

Valedictory of a decent man

When future historians come to assess Jimmy Carter's troubled presidency, they may begin by remarking that on the morning after his famous address to the nation he barely made the front pages. Yet his spare 12-minute valedictory from the Oval Office last week was noteworthy nonetheless, as much for the and sobriety of its tone as for the measured morality of its content. Choosing to ignore his successes and his failures, Carter elected instead to voice what he hoped would be the enduring themes of his administration: nuclear disarmament, environmental conservation and human rights in photo-captured these

Carter in rare address photo captures a and sobriety and measured morality



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Inching closer toward freedom

In a diplomatic flurry the hostage affair nears an end

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

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GATEWAY TO EUROPE



By William Lowther
and Ian Mather

The voice of Louis Kennedy, wife of Tehran hostage Ambassador Kennedy, was strained after weeks of camping out at the U.S. state department in Washington. "I feel like we've been on a cruise ship that's just coming into port," she said in a telephone interview last Saturday. "My fingers are not only crossed, they're loudly right up to the elbows." Kennedy spoke for all the world. President Jimmy Carter, in the dying hours of his presidency, was reported standing by to fly to Germany in Air Force One to greet the 52 captives on their arrival for aerial treatment at the U.S. air force base at Wiesbaden. Teams of doctors waited at the well-equipped military hospital there and three C-54 Medevac aircraft had been readied to pick up the hostages from Algeria where they were expected to be flown on release.

In Tehran on Sunday, chief Iranian

Christopher (left), U.S. Medevac pilot (right) speaking to the press (left) a weekend of no-holding

negotiator Behrouz Nabavi announced officially that the parties had "finally reached agreement on resolving the issue of the hostages." But there was still no definitive word that the captives would be freed. Near the end of the longest weekend in the memory of those most closely involved—the relatives, the negotiators and, for all anyone knew, the hostages themselves—official Washington, from Vice-President Walter Mondale downwards, was still maintaining that the final knot still had to be tied.

At the longest, weekend in the memories of those most closely involved—the relatives, the negotiators, and for all anyone knew the hostages themselves—dragged on, what seemed like a deal in principle between Tehran and Washington was held up in its execution by a protracted battle over the financial release.

The sequence of events that led up to the deal-hanger began on Nov. 2 last year when the Iranian Majlis (parliament) set out four conditions for the hostages' release: the U.S. must promise not to interfere in Iran's affairs; Iran's assets, frozen after the hostages were seized, would be returned; all legal claims against Iran must be dropped; and the Shah's family wealth must be forfeit. The terms bristled with practicality. Apart from financial and legal difficulties, the Iranians were insisting that the U.S. should pledge not to interfere "from now on," implying an

admission of guilt in the past.

For a month negotiations seemed stalled, with Algerian intermediaries and their Iranian and American contacts involved in warring rounds of questions and interpretations. But as Christmas neared, opinions softened again, only to be dashed, at an often before. Once what had been thought to be an acceptable deal, Iranian hard-liners took a demand for \$10 billion to cover the Shah's wealth, making an unacceptable \$6 billion in all. American reaction was predictably angry. But negotiations continued, and while Carter sat last Friday on the day by which a settlement would be reached, a modified American offer was sent to Tehran. It was that that formed the basis for a breakthrough. Diplomatic sources reported from Tehran Wednesday that a deal was on Iran had dropped its demand for a \$10-billion guarantee against the Shah's family wealth and a further request for \$4 billion in respect of seized assets.

In response the Iranians were accepting what were tactfully described as "Algerian compromise proposals," but which were, in fact, the latest American offer. The United States would release \$4 billion of the \$8 billion of Iranian assets held in U.S. banks. The remaining \$4 billion would remain in the United States to meet Iranian debts to American banks and institutions. The \$4 billion would be handed over to the Central Bank of Algeria and the hostages would be put on a plane.

But just as the Iranian were rejoicing the crisis, the U.S. seemed about to break them. Along with the good news from Tehran came a cartoon that Wash-

ington might not be able to deliver what it had promised. Confirmation was not long in coming. In his farewell address to the nation on Thursday, Carter went back to his earlier resolve not to refer to the hostages in order to send a message to Tehran the Friday deadline was off. He would go on suggesting, he told the world, right up to the Reagan inauguration.

If that was designed to reassure the Iranians, it failed to do so. An angry chief hostage negotiator, Behrouz Nabavi, let it be known that unless the blacked-out deal had begun to be returned by the end of "working hours" on Friday, the Iranians would pull out of the deal.

In Washington, officials professed themselves astounded, and Nabavi later backed off somewhat. But as American officials worked through the night—Secretary of State-designate Alexander Haig was closeted with his outgoing colleague, Edward Rusk, purportedly studying the deal that had been reached—despite the odds of a deal seem like awkward practical difficulties on the American side. Much of the huge news involved, it was learned, had been leaked by American banks working on the ill principle that customers do not normally seek for their money back all at once. There were also difficulties apparently in persuading the banks to hand over the money. Some still insisted that all questions relating to the assets be passed through the normal rather than be settled by executive action.

The apparent provocations led to sharp questioning of state department spokesmen John Tranter Friday night. Did the bankers' difficulties have anything to do with their profits? They were their own interest in profit, but I hope we will find a happy combination.

This urgency seemed to find an echo in Washington, where bankers from leading financial institutions were cited with Treasury Secretary William Miller, and against whom other high banking officials, Algerian go-between and U.S. deputy secretary of state Warren Christopher held "fervently" overnight Saturday about a "rescuing" of the Shah. Sunday's Iranian announcement horrified Carter back from Camp David to the White House, where aides promised a TV address to the nation that evening. In Wiesbaden, ambulance teams were rehearsing the hostages' transfer from airborne to hospital, and with an aircraft reportedly heading from Algeria to Tehran to pick up the hostages, the end of the affair seemed in sight.

—Wild film from Peter Lewis in Wiesbaden

Israel

Reluctantly, to the polls

Coalition role does not make for quick decisions. When, as in the Israeli case, the governing parties are themselves alliances of factions and interests, the process becomes more fussy than ever. Prime Minister Menachem Begin's cabinet decided in principle on Jan. 12 to call early elections. But that it took time to consult the rank and file and it was only on Sunday that a formal announcement was made—the date would be July 7, four months ahead of schedule.

There was little doubt that Begin would go early. According to his aides, the prime minister saw no chance of a stable majority after Finance Minister Yigael Yisraeli resigned last week, taking his three-man Raf faction into opposition. Begin, who thereby lost his three-seat majority in the Knesset, made it clear he did not want to be beholden to splinter groups and floating opportunists. He preferred to leave at a time of his choosing.

The Labor opposition, led by Shimon Peres, was pushing for an even earlier campaign, but either way the opinion polls predicted Labor would swing to an overwhelming victory. A Jerusalem Post survey gave Labor 52 seats in the 120-member Knesset compared with 32 after the 1977 election. It left Begin's right-wing Likud and some for Likud's



Menachem Begin of his majority

largest coalition partner, the National Religious Party. Peres' own popularity has also risen. The same poll found nearly 50 per cent of Israelis endorse him as first choice for the premiership compared to 22 per cent for Begin. If these results were confirmed at the ballot box, Peres would be the first Israeli prime minister to win an over-all majority, though he would still probably need to form a coalition.

Can Labor be sure of a landslide? A more cautious survey by Hebrew University researchers found 47 per cent of Israelis still undecided. And in a poll in the daily paper Ha-Aretz, nearly 60 per cent said they did not think Labor could improve the economy better, even though the country has swung against Begin for failing to stem inflation (538 per cent last year).

Another unknown Peres had to con-

Begin (right), and (left) Peres would be below portrait of David Ben-Gurion. But he leaves at the time of his choosing



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peace plan terminally ill and dead.

For Laporte and Thompson it was a crushing disappointment. The past three years had seen South Africa accept the Western plan and move lastingly close to its implementation. On Jan. 7, as South Africa and SWAPO representatives met, Laporte assumed, the evergreen duo, that Pretoria had finally come around. In fact, Laporte was convinced that elections would lead to a SWAPO victory, and maybe a Marxist Namibia, and almost certainly hopeful of a better deal from the incoming administration, it allowed the talks to collapse. Said Laporte: "The timing just wasn't right for them. I don't think they deliberately wrecked the conference. The game isn't over yet."

Few were so charitable—or so optimistic: At a somber press conference, SWAPO president Sam Nujoma, with the backing of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU), pronounced a call to the UN for sanctions against South Africa and an intensification of the bush war which last year claimed 1,500 lives.

The Western bloc, preparing for the sanctions call, faced an agonizing decision: Is war for sanctions worth doing a further blow to their own economies? Canada's trade alone with South Africa is roughly \$250 million annually. But even that paled before the probable deflection of the U.S. from the peace initiative. Secretary of State-designate Alexander Haig has positively declined to support the Western plan.

The South Africans may have had all this worked out in advance. From the start they kept tough, threatening to withdraw if Namibia's internal parties—sponsored by Pretoria, to the tune of \$600,000 a month in the case of the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA), the largest—were not given equal footing with SWAPO. The Western bloc reluctantly conceded the point only to find themselves under a barrage of criticism of UN "bias" in SWAPO's favor.

It was, in every way, a manufactured issue. "If UN impartiality had really been in doubt, the South Africans would never have asked," said one United Nations official. And the final proof came when the five Western delegations met alone with DTA leader Dirk Mudge to offer guarantees that the UN would act overwhelmingly. Mudge brushed them off. Impartiality was not the issue, he said, before asking for the elections to be put back for 18 months.

The call-sign of the Geneva talks may turn out to be a setback even for the South Africans and their DTA allies. SWAPO made many concessions, including partitioning of a multiparty state should it come to power. Is opting for the continuation of a guerrilla war, Pretoria is or did the terms less attractive? Not likely.

—GAIL GUEST

Thailand

Once again, a Golden Triangle

The 48-year-old American stood by the open window of a stolen pickup in Chiang Mai, a provincial capital in northern Thailand, bargaining for his wife's life. Burrowed by gun-toting Thai police, Mike Powers spoke softly to the man in the vehicle he offered his own life, and a ransom



6. Summer open (above), and Mike Powers, who is back in business.

that began at just over \$200 that the Powers panicked and Joyce Powers slipped against the dashboard, a bullet in her head.

The killing would have been just another "tragic" incident to the growing violence against foreigners—except that Powers was the American King Ransom Agency (KRA) chief in Chiang Mai. His wife's death, along with the assassination of five U.S. informers over the past year, served notice that the infamous Golden Triangle, the Thai-Burmese-Lao border area that has traditionally supplied some 70 percent of the world's illicit opium and heroin, was well and truly back in business. Last week, American agents and Canadian RCMP narcotics officers in Bangkok and Ottawa were looking for a probable new flow of high-grade heroin on the streets of North American cities.

The boom follows years of drought, broken only by damaging monsoons, that rebuked the warren warlords of the Golden Triangle—Burmese rebel leaders, Chinese-Thai racketeers, hill tribe chiefs and necessary remnants of the late Chiang Kai-shek's forces—of their grip on the world market. With "green" dollars in three corners, the heroin marketplace

had been shifting to the Middle East and Afghanistan.

But lower supply led to higher prices. Canadian racketeers pegged their ante from \$80,000 to \$200,000 for each kilo of high-grade heroin smuggled into Canada, and Thai and Burmese farmers watched the price of a 3.2-kg block of raw opium rocket from \$65 to \$600 in just 18 months. Presented that kind of fortune, it's not blessed with perfect weather this season, they need a bumper crop. Canadian and American



"turns" estimate that the current harvest could yield as much as 100 tons of opium in the Thai mountain Lanna and 250 to 400 tons in neighboring Burma. "It's like everything is coming into the picture," said one source in Chiang Mai. "You can even find people falling for this government security program."

While production has risen, so has official corruption. According to some of the 38 W-stormers currently in Thai jails on drug charges, 10 of whom are Canadians, the bribe for release before a trial verdict has tripled from \$12,000 to \$36,000. As last October's slaying of Joyce Powers underlined, the threat of violent reprisal and death has become more real. Last week, a Canadian was killed in Bangkok's last week. "We'd like nothing more than to see a powerful law-and-order organization move into the Triangle and clean it up. The trouble is, 1,600 baht (\$500) later there'd be no assistance. That's how much it costs to hire a gunman off the street."

—DEBRA MATHIAS



In the past year, the Blackbeats, Orit, and sister Marsha have been the most successful new acts to show up in the top 10 on *Australian Idol*. The top five in Australia and No. 1 in Portugal. Nominations for *Juno Awards* for best song and best new group. The Maffins are named after the two women Marsha Johnson and Martha Lady—and Lady Luft recently to become a solo career in Britain. "When I was asked why I left The Maffins, I said, 'I'm making up some different reasons. That it was a difference of attitude, really,'" says Lady, who is forming a new band and working on a solo album. "The band will be called either Women and Whiskey or Blackbeats and Whiskey. The drink part is in it, so the drink is something really exciting, and I want to be in the forefront." The 28-year-old blonde, who already has a fiancé in Burlington, Ont., also has plans for a more-acoustic reunion with artist/synthesizer duo Outernational Manoeuvres in *The Dark*. "I'll probably be the sound of concrete boots falling from a great height."

"All that comes happens in Napa, is that when the wind picks up, the new chips and up on the street," says Tony Stern, an Arroyo real estate broker. But that didn't stop **Alex and Frank Schweingruber** of Kelowna, B.C., and two other couples from paying \$130,000 for the little town near the Petrified Forest. As towns owners the group opened a motel, service station and restaurant. "We're not here to make a profit," Stern says. "We're here to see that there is no planer to owning Napa, but as street business investment we anticipate a \$100,000-a-year profit. Next on the horizon block is nearby Appleland which generates no automobile revenue, but because **Donald Wagner** sold it in 1985 for several million dollars, it's a hot area. Guys Stern is buying for \$200,000 high on a million dollars."

Seven-year-old Julian Lennon, son of the late John Lennon, has said he is leaving his mother, Cynthia, to move from north Wales to New York. He plans to live with Yoko Ono and says he wants to take up drumming. To this end, Ono has hired top studio musician Chasem Tate as a tutor. Before leaving England, Lennon expressed his views about his father's death: "I really believe he had done everything he wanted to," said Lennon. "He had searched for peace, which is something I believe in." It is fact there is a second life, I know he will be there and to me that is comfort."



Leftly (above) and Down: a survivalist entrepreneur is ready for Russia



Baginbee, anti-consumption suit and a copy of *War and Peace* to read while everyone else is in the final stage of meltdown. Bags Down. "Perhaps I'll throw in a made to order red necker."

In the tradition of *Dirty Harry*, actor-director Clint Eastwood showed at a recent celebration in his honor held by New York's Museum of Modern Art that he's a man who doesn't mince his words. While taking a tour of the gallery, Eastwood paused to level his famous quip in the direction of a wall-mounted abstraction by Jackson Pollock. Remarked Eastwood: "Looks like a 50-martini situation."

Back to the relative boredom of Winnipeg last week, physician Richard Nash, 26, and geophysics buddy Gervasio Millano, 26, were busy carrying through 4,000 slides taken on an 18-month cycling tour which took them from Iquitos to Tierra del Fuego. The two former school chums planned the 30,000-km marathon as an escape from working drugstore and embarked July 16, 1979. For \$5,000 each, they escaped the social rat and feasted not a few times, including being mistaken for bandits and shot at in Mexico. They were blown off their bikes by strong winds in Patagonia, had rocks and horse manure hurled at them in Peru and were pedalling through 32 Salvador last March.

when Archbishop Oscar Romero was murdered "It was pretty tense," said Milliken, who managed to break his hand on the trip when his broken fist and he tumbled 30 meters down a hill. For Nash, one of the greatest sights was a parade of three million peasants on the coast of Argentina. "That was great, but the poverty of the people wasn't," he says. "You get a very different social idea than that shown in *Nervous Geographies*."

Faxes at the Supreme Court of Ontario turned crimson last week after learning that two judges—Justice Lawrence Fennell, former solicitor-general of Canada, and Justice Dennis O'Leary—may have overstepped the law by failing to live in Toronto. "I



Accepted: taken it to the next level

with 40 km threshold," both violated the Federal Judges Act. Pontual lives in Brampton, 80 km west of Toronto's core. However, despite his claim his home is not more than 49 km away from the big city, but even as the crew-fish measurement shows he is right! Chief Justice of Ontario, Judge A.A. Macpherson said that if it is true that Pontual has no access to the courts, "I am sorry." He also said that Justice William Howland "The court will ask the federal justice department for an order-in-council." This would permit both judges to stay where they are if the judges can't abandon the premises. Howland will ask that the law be thrown out entirely. After all, Supreme Court judges own a public duty.

The Ontario government says that if they could buy houses in Toronto for affordable prices.



Reed (great) and Mik: dani-within-us, 'malevolent and a gothic'

Toronto film producer Michael Hulse needed a gripping story for his new movie, *Black Hawk Down*. He found it in the manner of evil demons once inducted into the scum in *Drota*, a feature-length animated musical. Hulse had to be swift enough to kidnap *Araki*, the director of the *Chamberlain* band, played by *Boyz n the Hood*, and spirit her away from her home in the Bronx. He then recruited her collectively by rock band Cheap Trick. He found his villain in Lee Pace. The finished plot involves a mix of *Blade* magic and hi-tech weaponry, warring with *Rock*. Hulse exploiting Hulse's *Blade* franchise is a *Blade* franchise mission. Hulse has never shed the playing the role of devil-may-care, a manically demonstrated in the razor-blade logic of his game. *Person* and the demonic *Black Hawk Down* Song "The way I look I don't care," says Hulse.

His tennis racket speaks with blaring eloquence, but off the court Czech star **Ivan Lendl** makes the usually taciturn **Bjorn Borg** look like chatterbox. With his impressive win including the Canadian Open, during his first full year on the pro circuit, Lendl is the player to watch.

likely to challenge tennis' top two, Borg and John McEnroe. He certainly will never win McEnroe's undisputed title as the fastest month on the tour. Last week in New York at the Volvo Masters for the year's top eight point-earners, Lendl gave demonstrations of both his powerful ground strokes and his stalked counterpunch. Question: "In your fore-



hand your best stroke?" Answer: "I don't know. You see it, I don't." Question: "What is your weakest stroke?" Answer: "I don't say." Question: "Why did you do so well in your first year?" Answer: "I played better than my opponent." *Two minutes to start up a show circuit. Still, when you're only 20 and earn over \$500,000 in your first year on the job, who needs words?*

When champion racehorse **Dan Patch** and Italian **Lupatone** broke on the same day, the odds on Dan Patch's blood will be watching. "We're going to be in on a \$3-million lock," says **George Yoncos**, owner and publisher of the magazine for the better horse. Yoncos, 37, celebrated the first anniversary of his magazine by concluding the year behind last year's successful gift book **Champions**, writer **Michael Hagan** and equine photographer **Fel Hagen**, to determine who will be the champion. "I am expected to be champion." "We're concerned with the business of winning," says Yoncos. "Tom's horse's bound to be a champion." With the first prize, Dan Patch will be the champion. Dan Patch is now with feed on the ranch of owner and mega-millionaire **Hilario Rios** and **Hilario Huet**, whose high profit on the silver market last year crashed prices of most his holdings an estimated \$1

—EDITED BY MARSHA BOULTON

The Royal mess

Skeletons in the Royal Trustco-Campeau closet

By Anthony Whittingham

"The problem was..." He yawned. "The problem was..." Richard Thompson's eyes seemed to close over. His voice was pitched and trembling. For a moment his words seemed to trail off into nothing, as the commissioners, lawyers and spectators packing the tiny Ontario Securities Commission (OSC) auditorium in Toronto last Friday afternoon

stared White and Scholes of failing to disclose sufficient information to Royal Trustco shareholders during the six-week duration of Campeau's public offer to purchase all the shares of the trust company late last summer—a somewhat narrow legislative charge. But in the course of evaluating what Royal's senior management failed to tell shareholders, the investigation has cast a wide net—so wide that some of Canada's most prominent corporations and

Bank of Commerce, a rival trust company, the National, the sitting conservative, Newlands, and The Centipede itself, two large development companies, the Oxford Group and Olympia & York. In addition, three companies already owning Royal Trustco stock—the Bank of Montreal, Sun Life Assurance and Commercial Union Assurance—increased their holdings substantially during the period of the Campeau bid following conversations with White, the Royal Trustco chairman so ardently opposed to Campeau's bid. In total, the companies controlled by the OSC spent over \$300 million buying up large blocks of Royal's stock.

The OSC isn't setting out to prove that those purchases by the "friends" of Royal Trustco were illegal. That's outside the commission's jurisdiction and will only come up for review if a judge



explained to him every word of his faltering testimony. The crisis lasted only a few seconds, but it was an eerie moment. A nervous cough, a sip from a glass of water and Thompson, chairman and chief executive officer of the Toronto Dominion Bank (TD), had regained his composure. He resumed his verbal reconstruction of the conversations and decisions made by he and his colleagues during several key days last August and September that had led his bank directly into the maelstrom of battle in the Campeau-Royal Trustco take-over war.

It was a remarkable and unsettling spectacle: a titan of the Canadian corporate elite facing cross-examination and forced to give exact details about private meetings, phone calls—secrets and strategies on exposure normally is never required to divulge.

But that was precisely what the Securities Commission was demanding. The OSC last week began a formal investigation into the conduct of Toronto-based Royal Trustco, and, in particular, its president, Kenneth White, and executive vice-president, John Scholes, to discover precisely how—and whether by improper means—the Royal had succeeded in defeating a take-over bid made last before last year by Campeau Corp., the large Ottawa-based development company. The OSC has as-



White (left) and Campeau (above, both in left) leave OSC hearings, flanked by lawyers. Mulholland (below left), Thompson (right).

business leaders have been dragged, not just into the general investigation, but right into the hearing room itself to give evidence under oath.

They have been brought in to answer allegations that they were part of a complex and carefully arranged plan, encouraged by Royal Trustco management, to "tie up" close to 60 per cent of Royal Trustco stock for the specific purpose of defeating the Campeau bid. Six of those corporations, according to OSC evidence, didn't own a single Royal Trustco share before Campeau's bid was announced, and in each case purchased the stock after conversations between their own senior executives and either White, Scholes or other senior Royal Trustco officials. Those companies include two banks, the Toronto Dominion and the Canadian Imperial

Bank of Commerce, a rival trust company, the National, the sitting conservative, Newlands, and The Centipede itself, two large development companies, the Oxford Group and Olympia & York.

Thompson of the TD cut short a supper with his mother on the Sunday of Labor Day weekend to discuss the Royal Trustco takeover with Austin Taylor, president of the McLeod Young War brokerage house. William Mulholland, president of the Bank of Montreal, spent half an hour discussing mortgage banking with Robert Campeau while trying to arrange a "rigid" deal between Campeau and White. And so on.

Underlying the whole foundation of the hearing stand, with a deadly array of business "celebrities" hurrying in and out of the witness stand, surrounded by some of the most expensive lawyers in the country, is the far deeper issue of corporate accountability in Canada. Whatever its outcome, the Royal Trustco affair will likely stir the face of Canadian business forever. ☐

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A yen for fair trade

By Gillian Mackay

Rokuroshi Tanaka, the Japanese minister of international trade and industry, stood stiffly, hands clasped in front, and listened in polite amazement as an interpreter passed on the ribbing remarks of his host and Ontario ministerial counterpart, Larry Grossman. Perhaps out of deference to his powerful visitor, Grossman did not resist the tongue-lashings he has been taking in Japan in recent months for what he considers unfair trade practices. But he did dish out scathing remarks about Japan's failure to purchase a Canada nuclear reactor—the delight of the audience at last week's reception in Toronto attended by, among others, the crown of Canada's beleaguered nuclear industry. Tanaka, however, was taking none of the blame, since his ministry has long supported the Canada against the objections of the

Japanese Atomic Energy Commission. He not only helped praise on the Canada, but turned the tables on his host. "I think Mr. Grossman should thank me. I understand he is facing an election soon. I have shaken so many heads to day I must have helped him." But John Foster, president of the Canadian Nuclear Association, shook his head skeptically and whispered, "If he really wanted to help him, he'd buy a reactor." But talk, not action, was the theme of Tanaka's two-day visit to Ottawa and Toronto last week. Probably not in their wildest dreams did Canadian politicians expect the Japanese to take home \$10 million in auto parts that went to Japan in 1980. Yet they did their best to surmount the prejudices of Canadian manufacturers. Of \$4.2 billion in Canadian exports to Japan in the first 10 months of 1984, only three per cent were fully manufactured, compared with 25 per cent of exports to other nations. Japan's share of Canadian car sales rose to 16 per cent in 1983 from 14 per cent a year earlier.

Photo: A Western Canada plant of



Tanaka (above), B.C. coal mining. Lumber destined for Japan go hence running out



view, however, trade relations with Japan, Canada's second-largest trading partner, have never looked better. Borrowing money of coal, fish, copper, lumber and other natural resources have made Canada one of the few non-producing countries in the world to have a trade surplus with Japan, it reached \$2 billion in the first 10 months of 1984. Says Robert McGlendon, B.C. minister of energy, mines and petroleum resources, "Japanese trade offers perhaps our greatest opportunity for growth and for decreasing our balance of payments deficit."

Canadian manufacturers have long lamented that a multitude of official and unofficial barriers make it next to impossible to sell in Japan. Points out Charles Millar, chief operating officer at Northern Telecom Ltd. "They get you going in circles from one ministry to another, one branch of the company to the next, until you're so dizzy you don't know what's going on, and nothing ever comes of it." The market for telecommunications may improve following a commitment by Japan's Nippon Telegraph & Telephone in December to open up its telecommunications system. One aggressive Canadian telecommunications company, Nitel Corp., announced last week that it is setting up a sales office in Japan. Following the example of Allan Alumnus Ltd., the largest Canadian investor in Japan, Nitel will be seeking out joint manufacturing ventures. Patience with Japanese procedures may be running out, however, in the automotive sector.

Says Marley Hursey, executive director of the Canadian Automotive Parts Manufacturers' Association, "We understand that it is traditional in Japan for business to take time. But surely there has been time enough in all the years we've spent talking for them to have made up their minds by now."

Evidently, Japan does not greatly fear a North American backlash against its goods, for it has made no major concessions on trade. "They have sensed well," says Grossman, "the degree to which they can avoid serious consequences." Western Canadian politicians, on the other hand, are confident that resources can be used as a bargaining chip. For example, sales of beefed natural gas could be linked to building the tankers in B.C. shipyards, a coal incineration plant could arise from Japan's growing interest in B.C. coal. With Japanese investment a scant 6 per cent of total foreign investment in Canada, there is little fear of domination—only eagerness for increased involvement with the resource-hungry giant. Grossman, along with Ontario's shaky industry and thousands of laid-off auto workers, could not help but envy such a position of strength. □

SPORTS

King of the hill

Podhorski wins his third straight World Cup race

By Matthew Fisher

"Go Canada go!" began the Italian commentator's story, and the new alpine Europe would disagree after Steve Podhorski won his third consecutive World Cup downhill race Saturday on the world's most unforgiving downhill, the Hahnenkamm race course in Kitzbühel, Austria.

While Canadian hockey players are reviled in Europe for their price tag for violence and vulgar manners, slalom like Podhorski and, before him, Ken Read are seen as perfect gentlemen, and downhill racing's most articulate spokesman. Even before his greatest victory, Podhorski was featured on the cover of *Life* and much sought after for interviews in three languages about why the "fast as a greyhound" have become the world's best in a sport in which European nations, with 20 times the slalom and 10 times the financial resources, have not done as well.

This news was a great disappointment to do-no-runs Austria, which is as proprietary about downhill racing as Canada is about hockey. An alcohol-fueled crowd of 30,000 stretched out 10 days, like a ribbon of ants, along the twisting mountain face when Austria's Peter Wrnemberger, the eighth man down the course, finished one second ahead of the previous leader, Herbert Plank, the crowd howled with delight. The cheers turned to screams moments later when, starting 11th, Podhorski's first intermediate time was announced. The 28-year-old, six-year world cup veteran was four-tenths of a second ahead of Wrnemberger going at a record-setting pace. He was still six tenths from the finish, but they knew he had a lead now, barring a fall. Podhorski finished in 2:03.76, ahead of second-place Peter Mueller's 2:04.14. The result also solidified Podhorski's lead in World Cup downhill standings.

Although Podhorski thought he had lost time near the top of the course, everyone who saw him on television agreed that he was the best. Slit Austrian star Uli Spies, as he watched Podhorski navigate the 2,500-metre course. "Nobody is as smooth. Look at his body down the way he keeps his body down. He's the best technical skier in the world." In training, only hours before the race, Podhorski was

three seconds behind his leaders, and the Canadians were worried about how to make up the time. "You always wonder what sort of reserve is left," said head coach John Birtcher. "Things weren't going well at all and I didn't know how the guys would react. It seems as if Steve used the power he gained at St. Moritz and Garmisch [where he won by large margins, 100 to 100]."

Podhorski, 28, is a former Canadian national team member who has won three consecutive races in the past 10 years in the aging Austrian star Franz Klammer, who put together a string of wins who is now in 1970-76, 1976-77, while Podhorski was sliding from the second and third seeds. But Steve is 1983. Steve is a superstar, and such athletes, after the Kitzbühel win, "He's in a class all by himself, having won on the toughest courses we've ever seen, and by huge margins."

It's hard to see Podhorski in his new-found role of superstar. Generous to a fault, his welcoming smile and endless self-deprecating traits are commonplace on the World Cup circuit. If Read is the most respected racer for his open-mindedness and knowledge of downhill racing, then Podhorski must be the best of a work-week Canadian team. "I think Steve will accept superlatives as a superstar in the Canadian tradition," said Birtcher, as he watched an avalanche of journalists exact his long-awaited portrait. "I can't see him losing contact with the people who are his friends. He opens himself up to anyone he meets."

It's a long way from the 350-metre course at the edge of Toronto's new Don Valley Parkway where he learned to ski. Podhorski, an engineer's son from Toronto, now finds himself as the edge of untold wealth. Though amateurs, the best downhill racers can earn as much as a good professional hockey player through their funds set up by their six associations.

And of his own reputation back home, Podhorski told journalists that maybe now he would be considered a star. "In Canada, you only count if you're No. 1. It's just going that way, he left the crowd's mind racing. It's a great feeling, it was a great feeling, it was a great feeling. I got a lot to look forward to." □



Podhorski, 'redoubtable as a monster'

a few times. I'm glad that I finally turned out to be better than the course." The victory laid to rest the short-lived myth that Podhorski could not win without his good friend Ken Read leading him down. "I have a pretty good head," Podhorski said, "and you don't get that unless you know what you're doing. But I did miss Ken. All the racers do."

Podhorski was on his head at St. Moritz and Garmisch, after a string of unimpressive training times. Winning in training and then somehow coming in on race day had given the Canadian team a reputation as doblers. Podhorski called it a "new lesson in life. I know that I have something left when I go into a race," he said. "If you're going full-out in training you don't have room to move ahead and it can be frustrating. Perhaps we've pushed our head in the past. I'm just trying it out and it seems to be working."

The only other racer to win three consecutive races in the past 10 years in the aging Austrian star Franz Klammer, who put together a string of wins who is now in 1970-76, 1976-77, while Podhorski was sliding from the second and third seeds. But Steve is 1983. Steve is a superstar, and such athletes, after the Kitzbühel win, "He's in a class all by himself, having won on the toughest courses we've ever seen, and by huge margins."

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Just wait till he grows up

The greatness of Gretzky's scoring ability clouds men's minds

By Trent Frayne

When Wayne Gretzky grows up, look out. This may be the hockey player who puts down the sophomore jinx forever, who silences about 100 million teen boys' genitalia jinx. That's the one that stopped Gordie Howe a while back, as physiologists were pondering what got to old Gord first, the jinx or the neurons.

Until recently, it was hard to inject restraint into conversations about Gretzky (and few hockey scribes searching for synonyms for transcendental, say, seemed to bother) on the grounds that he hadn't been around long enough to justify comparison with such as Orr and Hall and Howe. Besides, if the truth were blasted out, he's always been too damned young and too scenery and, ah, had too many pumpkins for an scholar to believe the league statisticians' evidence.

Also, he's never looked like any of the greats. Is there the Bachel's nothing black-eyed intensity? No, this kid's face is so narrow it makes his helmet look two sizes too large and he's got blind blue eyes and an unfettered beaky kiss that somebody sitting at the back in groupy class is classing him. Or is there a look and floppy arms? No, Gretzky is a straight up and down toothpick who could stand behind a telephone pole on a sunny afternoon and you'd miss his shadow. Does he have one Bobby's face, the unforgettable slapper? No, his skating style is a sort of sudden snore, like a startled chicken taking off, and his shot low and accurate with nothing to recommend the delivery except the result, a glowing red light bulb. Is there anything about his ability to dominate a game, to control its pace? Well, all this guy does is work hard, fly about like a water bug, and either shoot or pass the puck to somebody and throw his arms in the air when it's in the net.

And always, always, the numbers have been there to cloud men's minds. When he was 18, there were 378 goals in 61 games and that's ridiculous. When he was 16, and went from his Brimford home to play junior at St. Boniface, he got 79 goals and 112 assists in 64 games. Well, what the hell, there are always a few seasons in which a player will be scored 60 goals and won the rookie award in the old WHA, well, what was guy didn't know about the WHA?

This child played for two teams in that league, Indianapolis and Edmonton, and the way he got from one to the other was pretty dumb too.

Enter Nelson Skalbania, now owner of the Calgary Flames, who had noticed Indianapolis then. Seeing the ship sinking, he tried to unload Gretzky's big salary upon Michael Glosby of the Winnipeg Jets. This was in a backgammon



game. He said if Glosby won, he'd get Wayne, if Skalbania won, he'd get a piece of the Jets. Glosby missed the scheme on the grounds that he didn't play backgammon well enough. Skalbania then turned to Peter Fischlman at Edmonton and the rest is history.

So last year, Gretzky's first in the WHA, he

• Won the Hart Trophy as the most valuable player and the Byng Trophy as the most sportsmanlike, only the third player since the invention of the puck to win both, and, of course, the youngest.

• Had Marcel Dionne, the truly wondrous of the Los Angeles Kings, for the season

ing leadership with 187 points, but lost the title to Dionne on the basis of fewer goals, 53 to 51.

• Should have won the rookie award, except that warmhearted NHL owners, welcoming four WHA partners to the club, stipulated that the best of players and made en-WHAers ineligible for it.

• Still, a factor that may have militated against full-throated acceptance of Wayne as the Great Gretzky in the minds of disbelievers was that the WHA in that first year of the merger was a wasteland of 21 teams, surely half of them bogged in gawwashed talent. The time was renaissance of the early 1970s when the league, barely settled following the 1967 expansion from six teams to 12, jumped to 14 in 1976, to 16 two years later and to 18 two years after that. There was a five-year period there when the red lights rarely stopped blinking, when Phil Esposito, for example, scored 386 goals and Bobby Orr compiled 639 assists. Gretzky, more often than not, was playing against the same sort of pallid opposition half a dozen years or so later.

And, to tell the truth, that's still a factor. For some reason, the bluntness is going into the basket in unprecedented numbers this year. You need a computer to keep pace with Mike Bossy's goals and those of Charlie Simmer out in L.A., and neither of those current lads strikes you as being a latter-day Howe. Scores of 8-6 and 9-3 and 7-5 are commonplace.

Still, some grey old heads have owners who insist they've never seen anything to top this kid who turns 20 next week. Consider the words of Gentleman Bill Harris, now on the coaching staff with Gretzky's Oilers, a man who played for a decade in the NHL, from 1955 to 1965, later coached the old Toronto Tinos in the WHA and became a color commentator on broadcast from tournaments in Europe.

"I've watched this kid for 42 games," he said the night last week after the Oilers hammered the Leafs 7-4. "And I'm now convinced that one of these nights he is going to score 55 points. If he played beside Guy Lafleur, he'd already have had a 15-pointer. I've never seen a player pass a puck with such accuracy. When I'm up in the press box sitting and can see the pattern of play over-all, I've become convinced that he sees the same things as we see."

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LABOR

Seeking compensation for the disabling drink

A challenge to the definition of a work-related disease

By Mark Baigun

Although large statistical paper butterflies decorate his office, Vancouver lawyer Craig Patterson is not given to flights of fancy when he's out to win a case. Nevertheless, he's the first to admit that he may be challenging doctors within the British Columbia Workers' Compensation Board regulations. In the first case of its kind in Canada, he is challenging the board to include alcoholism in its definition of a work-related disability. What Patterson has to prove is that there is a causal connection between his client's work—hard-rock mining in isolated camps—and his client's alcoholism. As yet, no Canadian board has awarded compensation for disability due to alcoholism caused by the nature of work or work environment.

The case, if successful, would further buttress the notion that alcoholism is a disease rather than an individual's moral failure. But more importantly, it could force compensation boards across Canada to recognize, for the first time, that work not only causes physical but psychological disabilities as well.

Proving that alcoholism is a disease "due to the nature of employment," as the B.C. legislation defines disability, may seem far-fetched. But Osqueltan Hill Patterson (far right) ison, and Bluncheon (below), demonstrating the causal condition between work and drink



stream. However, the case was dismissed because Bluncheon withdrew his claim. Another case, in 1989, involved an alcoholic employee at the Michigan Cutting Glass Works who was able to show that he was entitled to compensation by demonstrating that his drinking was related to a back injury suffered at work. He claimed that his back pain could only be relieved by the consumption of alcohol. And there have been three recent California cases in which benefits were awarded for alcoholism stemming from job-related injury.

Five to 10 per cent of the Canadian work force either suffer from alcoholism or problem drinking and some companies and unions are attempting to tackle alcoholism before disability occurs. MacMillan Bessell Ltd. administers an Employee Assistance Program (EAP) with the International Woodworkers of America (IWA). Workers can seek counselling with complete confidentiality, and if an employee undergoes treatment, he is eligible for health and welfare benefits. "Our company recognizes that alcoholism is an illness," says Don Stronach, a former IWA member and now a program co-ordinator. Says an IWA vice-president, Bob Blun-



chard "It is a fact that for every dollar invested in an EAP there is a return of three."

But Patterson's client, now 42, divorced and unemployed, received little if any help from his employer to combat his alcoholism. Says Patterson "My client suffers from alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver and we believe that these illnesses have been caused by the type of work he's been doing for the past 20 years." Although Patterson believes that the chances of winning this case—which is to be heard this spring—may be slim, it is breaking the ground for future cases involving alcoholism and perhaps even claims for drug-related diseases. But even if the case is lost, Patterson is happy knowing that at least the policy has been challenged. "I'm optimistic that we will win eventually."

A test of the limits of inquiry

By Rhonda Hirenbeaux

Dealing with death is never the easiest of occupations. But the morbid duties of physicians and coroners are assuming additional complications in a lawsuit under way in British Columbia. Last month, a doctor who had been taken to task during a coroner's inquest launched a libel action against B.C.'s chief coroner, Dr. William Marshall. Dr. Ken Mackenzie, a Vancouver B.C. emergency physician, is suing the chief coroner for "defamatory comments regarding his [Mackenzie's] fitness to practice medicine." These comments were allegedly made at an inquest into the death of a man Mackenzie had treated in hospital. The patient died of a stroke a few hours after the physician had diagnosed him as having a personality disorder. As a hospital-related death, it was subject to investigation; the jury assembled at the subsequent coroner's inquest ruled Mackenzie's treatment was careless. However, his name had been mentioned by the B.C. college of physicians and surgeons in their follow-up of the case and is seeking "general and punitive damages" with his suit.

Mackenzie's legal action brings to a boil the conflict that has been brewing between the medical profession and coroners. For too long, it seems, the coroner's function has not been clearly defined nor has his role been specified. Basically, the coroner's job is to investigate violent or unnatural death, but the limits of the investigative power are blurred. In the Mackenzie case, the chief coroner was overzealous in his interpretation of the Coroners Act, according to Dr. Mel Peterson, past president of the B.C. Medical Association. "We get the impression," says Peterson, "the chief coroner feels it is his function to be protector of the public in terms of negligence by the medical profession."

Such dampening of doctors has traditionally been the responsibility of the college of physicians and surgeons in each province. The issue behind the Mackenzie case is whether or not coroners' courts are legitimate places to publicly discipline doctors. A major



Coroner (left) Marshall in oversight of responsibilities

problem with coroners' inquests is the legal training of coroners who are mostly physicians (but may be laymen if some provinces), with only cursory training in the rules of evidence or burden of proof (although Crown counsel may assist coroners at inquests). "Underneath our coroner system is the setting for a terrible aspect, prescriptive type of procedure," says practicing physician-lawyer David Marshall, author of *Canadian Law of Inquests*. "The strict rules of evidence do not apply. And there is virtually no control on the publication of evidence in such proceedings. It allows for the destruction of an individual's reputation prior to any finding of guilt and may prejudice the possibility of a fair trial thereafter."

The procedural safeguards to protect witnesses that have evolved through common law and have been built into the legal system do not always apply in coroners' court. Particularly, physicians are concerned with public notice to surgeons. Regardless of the risk of destroying a person's reputation, the press can have a field day, Marshall says, exposing physicians and institutions to devastating "trial by media."

While administration of responsibility for coroners varies from province to province, five basic questions must be answered during an inquest: who the deceased was, what the cause of death was and when, where and how the death occurred. Adherence to these guidelines should keep the coroner away from the grey area of placing blame, says Dr. Ross Bennett, deputy chief coroner of Ontario. "The objectives of the coroner should be to improve medicine rather than to create problems and embarrass physicians," he says. "The disagreement between coroners and medical agencies occurs as systems become more sophisticated and responsibilities overlap."

The overlap between the coroners' mandate and the prerogative of doctors to discipline themselves plagues the Canadian medical profession. Coroners Acts are in force in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. Nova Scotia, Manitoba and Alberta have enacted Fatality Inquiries Acts, which divide the function of coroner between a medical examiner and a judge of a lower court. In Newfoundland, provincial judges alone investigate deaths. The Manitoba system requires that deaths that may involve negligence be examined by both the chief medical (the province's equivalent of coroner) examiner and the college of physicians and surgeons. According to Dr. Henry Davis, Manitoba's senior chief medical examiner, the medical establishment seems to accept this structure. Regarding of Manitoba's apparent solution, physicians like Marshall, familiar with Canadian court law, still insist that the procedure in any coroner's court is "disastrous." "While there's not supposed to be a trial, there always is," says Marshall. "It's an inquisition, not an inquest." ☐

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Dug out of the dust of Middle-earth

Tolkien longed for pastoral pleasures but a new fantasy writer yearns for sterner stuff

UNFINISHED TALES

by J.R.R. Tolkien
(Melbourne, \$19.95)

Whatever one's own response to the writings of J.R.R. Tolkien, it is impossible not to use or sense that his imaginary Middle-earth and its peoples were born of a longing and desire. For those who shared his yearning for a world of "more green and less noise," *The Hobbit* and then the massive trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*, became touchstones of their own imagination: Power and goodness. They lay together at the heart of the trilogy, and almost equally so in the more remote, almost biblical, *The Silmarillion*. But those qualities are, alas, only sporadically in evidence in *Unfinished Tales*, the most recent pointing to some new way from Middle-earth via the editorial labors of Christopher Tolkien, the author's son and literary executor.

Selden has a book appeared with such a previously defined audience. *Unfinished Tales* will give some solace this winter to the true fantasist—those whose intensity has fuelled the Tolkien industry that churns out calendars, posters, writing paper, film, games and Royal Doulton figurines. It will also be of interest to scholars, for parallel to the evolution of the cult there has been an increasingly significant academic interest in Tolkien himself and in the literature of fantasy in general, a genre that even his present-day rediscovery is no small part to the impact of *The Lord of the Rings*.

The book's offering will suit, however, being much pleasure to the great majority of readers who enjoyed the trilogy without going so far as to become obsessively intrigued by Elvish dialects, Hobbit or Manichaean cosmology, geographical minutiae or any of the other ancillary details that framed the narrative. These readers are likely to have found *The Silmarillion* demanding and severe, for all the sweep of its vision. For someone intensely seeking a good read, *Unfinished Tales* emerges as an accessible, pleasant and perhaps ultimately satisfying addition. What has the magic gone? Do facts at times like an archaologist, digging among the dusty rubble of a once-glorious civilisation.

The book is quite precisely described by Christopher Tolkien in his introduction as "no more than a collection of



Tolkien was the first Frodo's voice again

writings, disparate in form, intent, finish, and date of composition. . . . Broken shards of poetry. Each piece is followed by extensive footnoting, cross-references, editorial discussion and, in a number of instances, appendices comprising different drafts of the material offered. It makes for uneven, clinical reading. A profound knowledge of the other published writings is demanded—and this too is made clear in the introduction.

All, however, is not bad. For those emerging enough to venture into *Unfinished Tales* does offer some gems that glimmer with nostalgia, evocative brightness. And the Hobbits are back. Only briefly, but we do hear Frodo's voice again. The first two selections deal with *Tree and Leaf*, a festive poem in the later chapters of *The Silmarillion*. Of *Tree and Leaf* comes to Goodwin, which opens the book, may well be the best thing in it. The unfinished nature of the chapter made its intended inclusion in *The Silmarillion* impossible, but this beautifully written piece comes closer than anything else in

Unfinished Tales to evoking the quality of awe and power that Tolkien at his best commanded. Tree's encounter with the winged Ulmo, who speaks to him standing "knee-deep in the shadow sea," "was good as anything he ever wrote."

The *Tree* chapter is also interesting, though in different respects. *Tree and Leaf* is Tolkien's most tragic character—perhaps his only tragic figure. His story is told in *The Silmarillion*: victim of the curse of a fallen god, condemned to bring evil upon those who kill him, tangled in a web that leads to a bitter ending of a suffering man with a long lost sister and ultimate suicide. Here the same tale is retold, at three times the length and in detail that would have overwhelmed the spare narrative style and the overriding shape of *The Silmarillion*. The story was inspired by a part of the Finnish myth-cycle, *The Kalevala*, but in the fatal inevitability of its conclusion, Tree's saga moves and feels like something out of Greek tragedy. The reader's affinity for the tragic at the shorter version will depend on whether he prefers his tragedies sutured or baroque.

There is, of course, a good deal more, a lengthy, rather pedestrian tale of domestic strife between a warrior prince and his fractious wife that might have led into something interesting had it been completed, a complex collection of essays and notes on Galadriel and Celeborn, characters memorable to readers of *The Lord of the Rings*, brief pieces, heavily annotated, on events that underlie *The Hobbit* and the trilogy, including a vignette of Gandalf explaining to Frodo how he came to choose Bilbo to accompany the treasure-seeking dwarves to the dragon's lair in *The Hobbit*.

The tale told? Well, toward the end of *Tree and Leaf* the narrator (and an unnamed poem, *The Creation*, there are lines that seem to make the point, and to catch the sadness. And I am not a damaged/ I cannot make it coherent. . . . I cannot make a few lines/ A little light, but a midnight to live and to give/ We have come a long way down/ The slopes, these *Unfinished Tales*: the dry dust of scholarly footnotes replacing the gleam of enchanted events. Lower slopes and little light indeed, but there is enough to help us remember how high the mountain once was. And how bright.

—GUY GARDNER, KAT

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Who is the other beast in the bed?

TOWERS AT THE EDGE OF A WORLD TALES OF A REHEVAL TOWN by Virgil Barrett (Nelson, \$12.95)



Fearful a destructive dominatrix

It is not often that a writer (who is not a parapsychologist) has the nerve to let down in such detail his thoughts, almost his gloomings, about sex—particularly fantasies involving destructive Annunias and men who die at the moment of orgasm. It's even more unusual to find all this in the context of a medieval town in France populated by seamen, priests and noblemen. Fantasy writers are usually dreamt loose, following the example of Tolkien, their magical worlds far removed from many matters between sex and women. Not Virgil Barrett of Stratford, Conn., who dedicates his book to his daughter "of the flesh and those of the spirit."

Montearius is the setting of his enigmas; a hill town modelled on several English Puritan villages. Barrett, who studied with anthropological thoroughness, A lot of odd people have lived in Montearius—Isabella, beautiful mistress of Oliver de Brin, who is gartered about to discover his cross-races corpse; the monk Germain, who burns a whole village; Montearius with his dog after his fellow monks die of the plague, Gaudence, the hair warrior, who gets eaten by the dragon of his quest (a female, of course). Each has his portrait drawn by Barrett as a carefully stippled style reminiscent of Aubrey Beardsley, Henry Thoreau and Walter Crane, each story is an passionately vividly and lucidly detailed as the drawing.

The centaur-like narrative flows with history, from dark ages not necessarily dark to modern times. There is plague, civil strife, the French Revolution, wars, industries and intrigues, self-immolation and disembowelling. Endings are never what we expect, turned topsy-turvy from the conventional. The whole book is singularly unpretentious, especially the use with its unfathomably marbled view of women as the all-powerful destroyer, the dominatrix like Eliza, the priestess-kitchen who hangs the skeletons of men outside her fortress walls, and Passia who renders a dominatrix with her lawmaking—all mystifying to the male. Fairy-tale transformations and reversals surround the lovers in the book (As Barrett says, "Lovers are never precisely who they say they are")—who is the other beast in the bed? The erotic scenes avoid camp by a hairbreadth, a sea of perfume and sighs. The sounds of the medieval world come in the lovers' windows, "the knock of spearheads on wooden saddles, the creak of harnessing" and "dags armed with claws that click like steel on moving stones."

The book's essence is in its emotion. Its special charm is in the lyrical tone of the narrative, feeling to aim accepting history and fantasy mixed with oddly recanted mumbo-jumbo, Anglo-Bacon curses, spells. On the surface a gothic chronicle, *Towers at the Edge of a World* is a perverse mad dream of rebirth and renewal by a remarkably sensitive artist. Before writing his great trilogy Tolkien wrote *The Hobbit*. With any luck this is just such a prelude, and Barrett will continue his wanderings into the country of his imagination—as "divinely, even pre-sensationally built" as the town of Montearius. —JAN MURRAY

A few tasty nibbles, a few vile quibbles

ON LANGUAGE
William Safire
(Pittsburg & Whitelie, \$26.95)

Word-crunchers, ahoy! In this book William Safire promotes a yearly joy in good English, not the unadorned dread of language class by lost souls. Tallers who know their English by using words and euphemisms will emerge from Safire well-learned. On Language pleases the grammatical fanbase and unites the literary lay.

A message culled from his weekly column about words in *The New York Times Magazine*, Safire scarpers along tonight to word squalls arrayed across

from the tree of speech. He is like a nighty speaker, reporting the latest verbal atrocities. He keeps an up-to-date, for instance, about misuses, or changing the realistic description of something unpleasant to a milder expression, e.g., when someone who is dead is "no longer with us." That extremely unusual transmutation is followed by the new ones which amount to be born again as "household technicians." Bumpers because "impact alternatives" is the sex therapy program at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in New York. Tragic words are charmingly misinterpreted. "Pan-animal" is the realm of such gibberish, where Queen Nix reigns, any dear term is doomed.

Most suitable for browsing, Safire's book is divided into alphabetic sections from "abbreviations" to "zits" (not "zits" because from page to page, one picks up the origin of Seta Miller's zany catchphrase, "It's the pit" which Safire says was taken from "the addict's resort to the armpits when other blood vessels have collapsed from too frequent injections of dope." After his own entries are many letters from carping readers, chastising him for so-called and correcting his etymologies, so that perusing the book is like eavesdropping on a lively meeting of amateur word nuts.

Safire swash in a sea of verbal fog.



William Safire

But much of this has been done before. Edwin Newman's continual best sellers, A Civil Tongue and Slightly Quaking, was the finger of disapproval at slapdash. So too, John Sizer's recent symphony of paroxysms, *Paraphrase*. But Safire is more relentlessly middle-class than either Newman or Sizer. He gives us not a word about the scientific frontiers of language study. He is silent about psycholinguistics and the neurobiology of human speech where probing surgeons lay Calcutta in the new land of brain-mapping. It is disappointing

that Safire cannot move beyond collecting slang and correcting mistakes in English. We know already how easy it is to learn a concern for language from a kitchen baby—like doing crossword puzzles. Safire might answer that he has no academic background in linguistics, and that is a pertinent point of contention.

But the author gives a sharp answer to this criticism. "What, other than sheer chatterbox, gives authority to my language 'authority'—or, as my correspondents put it, 'Who the hell are you to say?' I'm a working writer, that's why. I write because I enjoy expressing myself, and writing forces me to think more coherently than I do when just shooting off my mouth." Later he adds, "The reason for the decline of the written word is that we, as people, are writing less and talking more." In a society saturated with talk-shows, a literarian, it is no longer apt to claim that usage determines correctness. Newly minted words must be tested, not only as the tongue, but in the mind.

If, far less apt to achieve "a remembrance of clarity," you consider Safire a fretting squarer concerned with the rapid details of retransmission, remember the surge of verbal fog in psychology, sociology, medicine, nuclear physics, politics, law. Japan is a juggernaut, sailing through all the word-swing disciplines. At a time when our technology can destroy us, what's going to happen if our technocrats cannot speak to us in comprehensible English? Communication needs watchdogs. —BILL CASHEMAN

NACLAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Constant Mover* (1)
- 2 *The Ghosts of Africa*, Stevenson (2)
- 3 *The Key to Rebecca*, Follett (2)
- 4 *Firestarter*, King (1)
- 5 *Yakov in Time*, McCrann (2)
- 6 *Rage of Angels*, Stelmus (1)
- 7 *Joshua Tans and Now*, Rickler (7)
- 8 *Alphaville*, MacLean (1)
- 9 *The Third Temperature*, Thompson (1)
- 10 *Pleasy*, Joss (10)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Northern Natives*, Gray (1)
- 2 *Civil Service*, Gray (1)
- 3 *Country*, Stone (1)
- 4 *The Chinese*, Fraser (1)
- 5 *The Book of Canada*, 1912-1913, Barnes (1)
- 6 *The Montreal Canadian*, Wilson (2)
- 7 *The Little Women*, Page (1)
- 8 *Ball of the Woods*, Gilson and Jones (1)
- 9 *In Search of Miss Alice*, Bennett (2)
- 10 *The Coming Currency Collapse*, Smith

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Splish-splashing a route to the ultimate truth

ALTERED STATES
Directed by Ron Farrow

The striking if somewhat dated pop-psychiatric imagery of *Altered States* doesn't exert much of a pull, we don't sit aghast. Images flash on the screen with the disquieting dream of a light show, leaving you casually divorced from the action. But as insistently enjoyable and well-made as the movie is, it never takes you into its confounding existentialism. You feel that, as though you were watching everything through a window. And, in narrative terms, it's a beautifully calculated piece of chess.

The passive protagonist, Dr. Joseph, a brilliant and disinterested young scientist played by William Hurt (hereafter an apologetic Nick Nolte), is consumed by the pursuit of ultimate truth. Having toyed with isolation-tank therapy and having come upon an unusual drug used by a tribe of Mexican Indians, he faces the two mind-shrinking tubemen in regimens gently through an billion years of memory. He turns catatonic, preposterous and, soon, infernally and the further he regresses the more treacherous his investigations become. Trapped in time during the final, climactic experiment, his isolation tank turning into a tomb, that Harvard Fant is moved in the rack of time by the love of his wife, Emily (Barbara Bouchey). Love comes all in one of the most part and galvanizing denouement you demand for the cinema.

Never for a moment during the breakfast course of *Altered States* do we share any trepidation the people in it are too removed from us for that. The director, Ron Farrow (*Witness in Love*, *The Decline*), distances the audience from the material with his disloyal but frosty style, particularly his reliance on long shots. The psychedelia, which borrows heavily from surrealism as Salvador Dalí, Carlos Castaneda and Arthur-Khary in the '60s, is orchestrated by the dream-like feelings of a busy and unstructured imagination. The position reference to other sci-fi horror movies (*Altered States* is a composition of them) also reinforces the remoteness—it looks like it is being constructed by remote control from other movies. When Joseph literally goes up in the generator room and looks from security guards



Hurt barrows from Dalí and Castaneda

among a tangle of pipes, it is, Allen with hair, when Emily enters the room causing the isolation tank during the final experiment the could be, and in fact resembles, Patricia Owens in *The Pit*. Joseph's attacks of hysteria in the shower are a recent movie version of Christ of the *Wine* and the good resource there is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the motion lighting from *Cloak Encounters of the Third Kind* and the paucity humor of the remake of *Zone of the Body Snatchers*.

Admittedly, this all makes for a splashy show. The visual processing effects are superb and the sound too, as well as John Cristofano's faraway score, is an aural high. But there is little thought or dialogue to simplify the effect of the imagery. (Is *Altered States* as much a philosophy as the original author of the novel and screenplay, that he adopted the pseudonym of Sidney Aaron on the media.) Joseph's intriguing

corrupted relationship with religion and his grief over his father's death are introduced at the beginning of *Altered States* with great dramatic flourish—and are dropped as quickly. Similarly, each time this movie has a thought in its head—and it is, after all, about the quest for the general of thought—it does from it. *Altered States* never takes the time to think, if it did, it might expose itself for the shallow thing it is.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Chamber symphony of quiet sighing

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF
Directed by Jean-Luc Godard

Every Man for Himself, Jean-Luc Godard's experiment from the underground after a decade or so of peering Marxist polemics nobody wanted to hear, is a cool appreciation of the incipient style of his work in the '60s. Beginning with *Breathless* in 1960



Huppert, Devere: pornography parody

and ending with *Weekend* in 1967, Godard's films were searching attempts to unveil conventional film-making techniques and perceptions, he added space to the apocryphal, and every new movie was another kick in the head. *Every Man for Himself*, made in the central territory

of Switzerland, is a funny, musical, superlative parody of the sex but the tone has been tempered, and while some may be exhilarated by Godard's return to the medium, others might not say

The applause is across the border

Created in 1939 by an act of Parliament, "to interpret Canada to Canadians and other countries," the National Film Board (NFB) seems to have done a much better job at foreign translation. At home, mention of the NFB elicits little more than casual interest. If indeed that. Away from home it is looked upon as a unique institution, second to none for its exemplary work in documentary and education. Prizes, including the first Oscar for a document-

ary (*Cherchez l'Idéal* in 1941), flood in as often as coronas appear in the mail, and if it weren't for the board's entries at the numerous film festivals held each year around the world Canadian film-making would be as familiar as Tropic. This week the NFB will receive another laurel and feathers in the largest opening of a three-month retrospective at New York's prestigious Museum of Modern Art, the largest the museum has ever organized for a single house.

"We have wanted to do this retrospective for a number of years," says Larry Kardish, associate film curator at MOMA and largely responsible for the show. "The sensibility reflected by the

board has a lot to do with Jeffersonian, farman and a sense of humor. Nearly every film is nuanced and considered—and extraordinarily well-made. And they assume that the audience is intelligent." Inevitably, such as that of Norman McLaren (*Pas de deux*, *Neighbored*), says Kardish, is always part of the educational thrust of the NFB's films. "It's hard to think of any other institution quite like it."

High praise indeed. Yet only two years ago the board was described by Canadian director Peter Pearson as a

"Pas de deux" (below left); "Screen from *Silence"* (below right) quite like it



their last in confusion.

The main male character in a video actual working in TV named Paul Gordan (Jacques Desrosiers), who, at the end, is hit by a car. His estranged wife and ten-year-old daughter walk away from the scene. Both Gordans, who are the same Gordan, have been deserted. "If I had the strength, I'd do anything," Paul tells a class of film students, propounding the movie's theme of malaise: the inability to get into the entry to either think or feel. Why bother getting upset over shameless, the two Gordans seem to be asking: It's all a big black joke anyway.

The music Paul hears in his room at the beginning, the same aching his out at the end, is, approximately, *Saxony*, the aria from *La Gioconda*. Paul's life is a sad anecdote, and so are the lives of the two other characters whose mess-ups and gongs the movie casually—and jaggily—shares. One is his lover, Denise (Nathalie Bayle), who is leaving him to find herself by hiking in the mountains; the other is Isabelle (Isabelle Huppert), a country prostitute

"beached whale," with its budget cut and dead-end financing around his corridors. (The current operating budget is \$48 million, approximately the cost of *Alvin's Gals* plus a delicious order, nearly \$60 million of which is generated by the government, the rest revenue generated by sales.) Despite its sterling international reputation and its fights as a rare act, the NFB is unfortunately taken for granted or, at times of fiscal and federal assistance, even in Canada for the lullaby "Outside of Canada the board is honored by people deeply committed to life," says Bill Lewick, head of NFB distribution. "They are in need of a government policy which allows film-makers to create freedom to be productive and innovative, as well as to make films that inform and entertain. In Canada, the board is simply another part of daily life."

Coming until Sept. 15 on an intermittent schedule, the MOMA retrospective of NFB films is divided into three series: animation (highlights include the work of McLaren, of course, and Caroline Leaf), documentary (Donald Brittain, Bill Mason, Beverly Saffer) and dramatic shorts and features (Don Owen's *Nobody Wasn't Goodbye*, Marc-Clare Patenaude's *Servant from Silence*). "Whenever you think of Canadian film-making," Kardish says, "your mind immediately attaches itself to the Canadian film board." Obviously another name, apparently a different meaning.

—L. OT

turned to near-death with her tricks. She turns into Paul and she loses the men's hat, proving the output connection between the three of them. Yet they're almost married to one another through their inertia (the three actors keep retreating behind their masklike faces), and such is out for a laugh. At last, survival is too much trouble for them, it takes up too much of the time and energy needed for mischief.

Devoted into four sections and 16 like a sequel, *Every Man for Himself* is a chamber symphony of barely audible sounds. That ambience is highlighted by Godard's use of slow motion and still shots in a series of still-life pictures, concocted and made to move by



Yves: the brother of up-to-day survival

the mechanism of actors. People talk either by telephone or, when together, with verbal stunts, the passion has been drained out of them, and when they talk about passion they do so in exotic terms. Sex, from the point of view of the Hungarian character, is not another kind of torpor—as matter of fact as brushing your teeth, except it pays the rent. Her tricks have ripped out their features as they would a blueprint for a kitchen cupboard. (These characters are parodies of pornography, yet every still they shoot from you is crowded with a look of pity.)

Godard's return to the commercial areas of filmmaking (*Every Man for Himself* is an art-house hit) is hard to gauge in terms of its meaning. When a girl is clipped around to show motion for refusing to make a decision and keeps shouting "I won't choose, I won't choose," does it betoken Godard's current attitude to film-making? Is Godard's movie idling or has it gone into neutral? After 12 years of liberation Godard has emerged with some nicely

TELEVISION

M would have been proud

ESCAPES FROM IRAN
THE INSIDE STORY
cont. Jan. 26

In the months following the storming of the U.S. embassy composed by Iranian militants in Tehran on Nov. 4, 1979, the only shaft of sunlight to penetrate the gloom was the escape of two American diplomatic personnel who were straggled out of Iran on Jan. 28, 1980, in a cloak-and-dagger enterprise engineered under Canadian auspices. *Gratitude* lavishly burlesques across the border, with billboards flashing heart-felt "Thank you, Canada" messages and Canadian ambassador Kim Taylor became the Conservative's closest approximation of a hero since James Bond. *Escape From Iran: The Inside Story* for the first time reconstructs, through documentary footage and interviews with the principals, a story that in its rises and split-second schemings resembles a baroque man-of-war mystery, in its tacit climax, the heart-stopping border-crossing of *Much Ado About*. It is a credit to director Les Hurst that he has been able to turn talking heads into tense drama.

At the first hint that an anti-American demonstration was turning ugly, 28 Americans slipped out a back door and, in two groups, shuffled through the back lanes of Tehran. One of the groups was soon captured; one street-wise U.S. backpacker, Kim King, fled the country by his own wit. The rest took refuge in a regime's empty apartment where they called up Canadian First Secretary John Sheardown, who, offering sanctuary in his own home (at his own expense), became the prime mover of the

rescue scheme. Sheardown informed Taylor, who contacted Ottawa, where then-external affairs minister Flora MacDonald sanctioned the venture. Some of the fugitives were moved to Taylor's home (contrary to reports in the Canadian embassy).

Tension skyrocketed after news broke, through a U.S. state department ship, that one purported hostage was free, meanwhile *La Presse's* Washington correspondent, Jean Pelletier, was doing some detective work of his own and was soon hot onto the story. It was obvious that the Americans must be spirited out quickly and, with U.S. co-operation, Canadian diplomatic passports were shipped to Tehran. To ally suspicion, Taylor began a tight shut-down of his embassy, Canadians leaving as the first shift reported back to him on airport clearance procedures, which, chillingly, seemed to change hourly. On the last evening, there was a celebration charged with fear and more than a touch of force, with the Americans trying to beat up on their Canadianists and American Lee Selah Sealy negotiating immigration with a whisper of a Canadian hugger.

Though *Escape From Iran* does not deliver the resistance story it so dramatically presents in its premiere, it does not seem remote, strange, especially in listing the heroism of Patricia Taylor and Zena Sheardown, who had the round-the-clock burden of keeping up appearances. There were last-minute rescues, especially when Taylor received a phone call for one of her supposedly secret husbands, to this day, no one knows who called. By interesting the various versions of these murky events, the film manages to tell a tale of international bopper-maguer which is a surprisingly gripping thriller's glimpse into the chaos of the Middle East.

—BILLY MACVICKAR

Mark and Coren Link, Rob Andrus, hostess
Sheardown's home, fled with a hangover



MUSIC

High school heroes leading the pack

Max Webster's years of playing the bars are paying off



By David Livingstone

New Year's Eve must mean something special to Canadian musicians. Guy Lombardo turned it into an institution, and for the past three years loopy heavy-metal group Max Webster has made a ritual of its Dec. 31 Maple Leaf Gardens concerts. Of course, styles of merrymaking have undergone some changes. Instead of party hats and confetti, the rave has 16,000 fans at the Gardens leaping disposable lighters, held aloft like votive candles, and ring out the old with stiff arms and celebratory fists thrust into mutually selected air. Instead of that merrily maddening band leader with black tie and baton, there's lead singer-guitarist Ken Winchester, a dayglo maypole in pink and yellow, at 31 seconds to 1983 telling the rowdies to "roll your joints."



Michael (above) on New Year's Eve; Glenroy, Glenroy, Michael, Watson, McCracken; no Lombardo but from out to national status

That, obviously, was not the way Lombardo did things. However, he was a Canadian performer who managed to break the American market. And while no one is saying that Max Webster wants to shift its party from Toronto to Times Square in a bid at establishing its name beyond the border. With a four-city thrash tour beginning this week, a 15-city American tour scheduled for February and March, and its sixth album, *Universal Jive*, having turned gold within 16 days of its October release and about to go platinum any day, the group is closer to that goal than ever before. "It's only a matter of time," says bryant Guy Debus. "It's five or six months underground march fire. It's got to go."

An example has already been set by Rush, another heavy-metal outfit, which has won an international following and is a Canadian band well-known enough to have worn up on bubble gum cards being sold in variety stores across the continent. In fact, Rush has been so successful that profits from its album sales have enabled its long-standing supporters, Ray Donato and Vic Wilson, to make their records, 200 Productions and Anthem Records, perhaps the most aggressive and spendthrift independent rock and roll operations in the country. Managed by his and released on Anthem, Max Webster not only enjoys that company's enthusiastic encouragement, but also the comradely abetment of Rush itself. The first New Year's show in 1978 was with Rush, in the spring of 1979, Max joined with Rush in a 15-date European tour, and both bands, recorded jointly with Rush and included an *Universal Jive*, was the song that sparked U.S. radio to play this hot fire and leads credibility to Cohen's march fire metaphor.

Speaking of *Radio Star*, Kim Mitchell gratefully acknowledges Rush's significance. "It was definitely a shot in the arm. It was the first time that anybody in the US started to jump on." But, lest anyone get the impression that Max Webster is riding on anybody's coattails, he also points out that it was Rush's idea to collaborate in the first place. Further proof of his point might also be taken from the fact that radio stations in such places as Baltimore, Chicago and Cincinnati have since then started to play other tracks from the album.

Although *Paradise Shore*, a cut from a 1979 album, *A Million Voices*, was aired on 41 stations, the popularity of Max Webster in Canada has never seemed from hit singles. The band's disarming features have always been Mitchell himself and the quirky lyrics of Pye Dubois, a fellow native of Surrey, Ont., who neither performs nor records with the group. Max Webster first emerged on the Toronto scene in the early '70s. Weathering years in gritty bars and high school cafeterias, they achieved a cult status throughout southern Ontario. Members have often changed and now, besides Mitchell, include Gary McCormick (drums), Steve Watson (keyboards), Mike Ellegood (bass guitar) and Steve McMurtry (drum guitar).



Mitchell Rush's *Giddy Lax*: gave a boost

Over six feet tall, with curtains of fine hair falling from a prominent forehead and a predilection for outlandish costumes, Mitchell has become a recognizable on the street that he can no longer sleep in peace. On stage, he is a loose cannon figure, leaping and waving his guitar like a tiny rocket. In conversation, he is more restrained, affable but terse. While the soaring guitar solos and relentless drums make it convenient to categorize Max Webster's music

as heavy metal, Mitchell refuses to describe their sound. "I don't and I won't. We write it and we create it, and after that it's not up to us to decide what it is." He does, however, cite Captain Beefheart and David Bowie as inspirations and speaks admiringly of Curved Air's linkages. Jon Mitchell's adventurousness and Bruce Cockburn's brilliant guitar work.

Despite the theatrical and idiosyncratic nature of Mitchell's stage presence, the audience at Max Webster's New Year's bash is remarkably homogeneous. Almost entirely middle-aged males, they are attired uniformly in ski jackets and oil-soaked construction boots. But, each time Mitchell introduces a number, usually by quoting, with exaggerated rhetoric, lines from the upcoming tune, the crowd leans forward. Rush appear beneath all the majestic monstrosities and the overall effect is teaching Rush, exuberant and frequently about breaking away from stifling routines, the songs have obvious appeal for the teen-age wildlife in front of the suburban live in night downtown. "We're young for all you know," Mitchell sings in *What Do You Do With the Ugly?* "So learn to leave your brain wide open/you're not the first one to get it in the rear," he intones on *Shoreline Don't Stop*.

"I understand why a lot of kids get off on Max," says Dubois, "because they can hear a tune that can take their face off, and the next time they can lay back and light a candle and cry." Mitchell, who agrees that the band's music is imposed somewhat to a pop cult of sorts, adds, "Somebody I get the sense they're hanging their heads against the wall, and they come to Max Webster for some kind of explanation." Using characteristically concrete images, Dubois responds, "It's almost as if we're saying, 'We'll say it for you, because we come from the same anxiety.' We've been through it. We may be a couple of steps ahead of you, whether it be milestones or bad times, but we're on the same road."

Unsurprisingly capable of creating a stir among the "patrons," a British term for rock fans that Mitchell uses with affection, it seems more than adequate to expect Max Webster will continue to gain acceptance in the United States. Despite the fact that the band has just received its second Jann promotion in the group of the year category, the only difference that both Mitchell and Dubois see are those Canadians who refuse to think of homegrown talent as being of international stature. In so far as Dubois puts it, "It's that Canadian mentality that says, 'They're only Canadians.' The biggest border they'll ever cross is the Rhineland Bridge from Berlin to Port Huron." ♦



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The perils of Pierre

The poor, who are always with us, are now on the front bench

By Allan Fotheringham

Bobby Kennedy, from his experience in Washington, once remarked astutely that Canada's actual position in moments of crisis was that it would "offer all at once of itself." A vivid illustration of this came from Pierre Trudeau's cavalier jockey across four continents, which more and more is resembling the 19th-century version of a debaucher's first tour of the better hotels of Europe. Designed to spotlight the prime minister's role as host of the economic summit in Ottawa this July, the trip has turned into a public relations disaster. Mr. Trudeau's overboard interest in North-South sub-peak relations (while Canada's foreign aid has declined in his last five years) distorted the chance of the six countries instead of commiserating with the poor, the PM got trapped in a mesh net's resort by avalanche (which took to happen in the Alps—surprise), arrested American Chancellor Helmut Kohl, Kresky, although he was snubbed by Algeria and got the small hole, as Queen Romya used to call it, in Nigeria. If Joe Clark seemed most in need of a travel agent as his tour, the Trudeau could see most of all a weatherman.

Those of us on Clark's around-the-world-on-a-dime tried to make the point that it wasn't the last luggage that was important. It was that Clark seemed paid to head a summer election with a personal style to flourish and glory that it couldn't even negotiate from airport to airport—an assessment that proved correct when Clark, stubbornly stroking with the exact same crew, stumbled and fell on his second arrival rate of any Canadian city and will disappear into the Detroit River/Chrysler folds (as it deserves to, then to be pulled up by desiring Toyota). Gony the nation's is desperately clanking about to save an absolute American breath plug that is disguised as his own race.

Things are no better down the front bench, Allan MacEachen, the nation's

but it not taken too seriously by that same Third World. Dealtish reputations are not irretrievably popular in these circles of the globe where avocado and fresh fish are not on the shopping list.

It has not been an auspicious start in the race for the once-cocky Liberal Prime Minister, the minister in charge of Canada's coughing industrial machine, was once famed as the most ardent nationalist not presiding in the Trudeau cabinet. Bounced by the Tri-

umaine minister (he is so cautious with the English language as to be incomprehensible) he has made John Crosbie into a Conservative leadership candidate. MacEachen's lapidary defense of the indefensible—the country's economic state—has turned attention to the fact that Crosbie, who speaks Newfoundland's one official language, really wasn't all that bad with his shoe-on as so a financial Barry Fitzgerald. Broadening MacEachen's adversity

spat some years studying to subvert the spirit of Mackenzie King, and his ability to express his sympathy with Canadians who are caught without weapons, is somewhat akin to Harold Ballard's gift for being subtle.

The Liberal reputation for being charitable is further enhanced by another member of the cabinet, Lloyd Axworthy, the minister responsible for the Status of Women (so that's what happened?) Mr. Axworthy, always a suspect on the ladies' list, has managed to cement himself in a row with Gloria Anderson, with whom no prudent Liberal should

rebel. Partly because of this, the word around Liberal circles is that Mr. Axworthy, who recently named himself as a successor to himself, is "going downhill faster than Steve Podiowski." Someone who is going not downhill but in circles, somehow like that famed Arctic bear that fell in over-decreasing circles until it disappeared into an ice-caking hole, is now Brewster's Rich and Hatfield, who went to London to see the Queen and ended up threatening her. Premier Hatfield's grandstand play—of announcing that if the British Parliament rejects Canada's dog-breath, constitution plan, then it will abandon the monarchy—against most of all Jean Chrétien and Mr. Trudeau. That's their long-range plan anyway and they don't want Hatfield blabbing it on some platform. It's almost enough to make a PM abandon the jet set of the party and stop home to find some bit in need of some help: his front bench.



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New Zealand. The World's Great Surprise Package. Begins on the North Island, in Auckland. Drive up through the lush Henderson Valley. This is the wine country, and it's perfect for your first taste of New Zealand. Stop for lunch at a tavern that phones you into Europe. Till you get the bill \$4.99 too.

Travel through farmland, cattle ranches and meadows full of sheep. All you reach the Tasman Sea. Below you, miles of black sand beaches stretch out as far as the eye can see. Do it all in a day and return in time to watch the sun set on Auckland Harbor.

Caring and Caring. Drive South, and your first stop is the Waitomo Caves. Now in a small boat, steer your way into a grotto. Shhh! Above you the glow worms ring to the ceiling, lighting your way like millions of stars. You want to shoot. But don't. If you do, the lights go off.

Next stop, Rotorua. The earth's crust is so thin here that strong tremors shake everywhere. Geysers shoot hundreds of feet into the air. And mud pots bubble in the ground. You'll meet the Maori, New Zealand's native people, here. You'll see how they've harnessed the steam to pressure cook their meats, and you'll watch master woodworkers teach a knot art is a few generations.

You can't resist buying their work. Finish the day in a stony mineral pool, dreaming about tomorrow.

On To England. Bright and early, fly across Cook Strait to the South Island. At Christchurch stop off the plane and into England. Paddle a trip boat along the river Avon. Have a picnic on the bank under the willows and watch a



ruddy match in the distance. Spend an afternoon driving through flowers. They're everywhere.

The city gives prizes for landscaping to homes, streets, even lawns. And the people are as warm and friendly as their gardens.

Stop at a one of the pubs. Chances are, someone will buy you a beer and head your car.

Up Lake Taupo. You're about to see the world's most beautiful geysers as far as you ever see it. In the morning, you'll fly out to Mount Cook, over New Zealand's most dramatic valleys and mountains.

Watch at The Hermit. age and then fly up to a glacially-kissed glen, and see what it's like to land on snow. Later, watch the sun turn the mountains pink from a lovely room at Switzerland at our



In the morning, you're off to Queensland, ready to try "the most beautiful light in the world." Twenty minutes on the air brings you to the world's most stunning night. Midway South. Take a cruise between towering mountain walls through a fjord that impresses even the Norwegians.

Beyond is the Tasman Sea. And tomorrow you'll cross it to Australia.

Australia. The World's Wildest Island. Start in Sydney. It's a dash of San Francisco. A touch of London. The flavor of New York. And the style of Paris.

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